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10

Years

nar - issue 44 - summer 99

NORTH AVENUE REVIEW
"...To provide an open forum for a genuine exchange of ideas from every intellectual field."

STRUCTURE
The North Avenue Review is produced from a collection of ideas, stories, essays, and art by Georgia Tech students, faculty, staff, and friends who have given freely of their time and dignity for this publication.

The views expressed herein are solely those of the individual contributors and are not intended to express the sentiments of the entire Georgia Tech community.

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All letters are welcome. Your letter will not be edited, so submit it as you wish it to be printed. You may request that your name be withheld, but the NAR must know who you are.

CONTRIBUTIONS
We welcome all original contributions from the Georgia Tech community, including articles, essays, poetry, clip-art, graphic materials, fiction, photographs, sex, lies, videotape, sheet music, recipes, death threats, Beanie Babies, prognostications (both psychic and earthly), reviews, dramas, dissertations and anything else adaptable to the printed page. Students, faculty, staff, alumni, and friends are invited to share opinions, expressions and illusions.

PROCEDURE
At NAR meetings throughout the quarter, all works are presented to the group for peer review. The editors (those who happen to show up) read all submissions, and offer constructive criticism and advice. If an editor feels a piece to be unnecessarily inflammatory, he or she or it may bring this to the attention of the group for discussion. A 3/4 vote is needed to exclude a piece from publication. Attendance and participation by contributors is extremely important to allow feedback and comments - hopefully improving everyone's work.

Please submit tests either by email or on 3.5" disk. We cannot type your piece for you. Quote sources accurately; the spell checker is your friend. We will try to correct any gross grammatical/spelling errors, but we aren't exactly Lit. Majors, so send it to us in a state that wouldn't embarrass you.

GETTING INVOLVED
The NAR needs your help! Everyone is welcome, regardless of literary or ideological persuasion. Meetings are Thursdays, around 7:00 PM in the Student Services building.

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The Staff and Students of Georgia Tech
A Cast of Thousands
And You, The Readers

North Ave. 10 YEARS Review

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Georgia Tech's Students Looking at Their Campus and Beyond: The North Avenue Review: 1989-1999

By Kiefer

Georgia Tech students have always been in a special position, in that they are young, and therefore expected to question authority and the world around them, but that they are also being trained to take a role in society that usually precludes them from rocking the boat that they are hoping to make their future in. For this latter reason, many students take a quiet role in life, possibly volunteering their time and services to traditional volunteer organizations, helping those who have been left out of the system, but rarely questioning the system's status quo. Occasionally, a few students spoke out. The North Avenue Review was developed by and for those few.

In May of 1989, partially in response to the student protests in Tiananmen Square, and partially due to concerns closer to campus, a group of approximately thirty students got together to form The North Avenue Review, a student publication which was to thoughtfully contemplate the social and political issues of the day as they affected the student body, and the world around them[1]. This magazine has persevered for the following ten years, trying with varying success to achieve that goal, and to get the students of Georgia Tech's campus to consider their world, both within the confines of the campus, and beyond.

That May, several students, led by Steve Danyo and faculty advisor Dr. David Ray, asked for and received financial backing from the Board of Student Publications for a trial issue of an alternative paper[2]. At that time, the Board funded and ran The Technique, Tech's student newspaper, The Blue Print, the yearbook, and Erato, the literary magazine. It was felt that a publication that came out on a monthly or quarterly basis would be able to cover concerns that were not sufficiently dealt with in the existing publications. This first issue of The North Avenue Review was printed that July, and in addition to several articles about the recent student uprising in China, and a few articles on national issues such as gun control and atheist rights, there was much coverage of internal Tech matters, including recent departmental firings, departmental restructuring of the Ivan Allen College, and other Institute politics[3]. There also was a small section devoted to poetry and short fiction.

That prototype issue was successful enough to gather enough support among a few students and faculty to gather private donations for a second issue, which came out in September of 1989[4]. This second issue indicated what direction the Review was to take for the next ten years, with some articles on the ethics of capitalism and current student conduct, several stories concerning the homeless population of Atlanta (a topic that would be visited many times over the course of the paper's existence), and a few inquiries into the behavior of Tech faculty, administration, and students. This direction, however, was not welcome by all of Tech's community.

In October of 1989, the Student Government Association met to discuss future financing of The North Avenue Review[5]. While funding for one year was provided, several members of the SGA were concerned about the focus of the magazine, bringing up its appearance and possible political bias. In addition, there was some concern over the publication's policy of printing all letters written to the paper, as well as their open submission policy, as it was felt by some members of SGA that this would allow racial and other inflammatory writing to be published. However, the meeting ended with money being allocated to the student group for another year of publishing. Unfortunately, not all of the students at Georgia Tech agreed with this deci-

sion.

The third issue of The North Avenue Review came out in November of 1989, although few students saw it. On November 14th, most of the 4000 copies of that issue were stolen by a few students from their distribution center, thereby ensuring that few students would see that issue's contents[6]. The motivation behind the theft was and is unknown, although the likely reasons were dissatisfaction over the continued funding of the magazine, the several articles in that issue on the abortion debate, or the news article about an alleged assault of a female student by a member of the school's football team. Regardless of intent, this theft angered several of the members of the publication, but did not prevent the publishing of seven more issues in the following twelve months.

In May of 1990, the Student Government Association met again to discuss the continuation of funding for The North Avenue Review[7]. Again, there was much debate over the publication, and the final vote in the undergraduate council was 27-25-3, barely allowing the paper to continue its existence. The major concern was still the apparent liberal bias of the paper, despite the defense made by council member David Nelson, "I believe there is a misunderstanding of The North Avenue Review [with respect to any bias or slant]. If conservative or liberal-minded students feel their views are under-represented, all they have to do is pick up a pen and write.[8]" Despite opposition, the close vote allowed the continuation of funding of the paper.

In the span between July of 1989 and the summer of 1991, The North Avenue Review printed 14 issues, with special focus sections on race relations, sexism, gender issues, and the Middle East situation. In September of 1990, a "(Dis)Orientation Issue" was published for the incoming freshmen, informing them of opportunities at Tech and the metro-Atlanta area. Similar issues would be published again in 1992, 1995, and 1998, with the later two titled "Welcome to Tech/Welcome to Hell".

The summer issue of 1991 the paper printed an obituary, it's own[9]. While the informal styles of both The North Avenue Review and the Board of Student Publications meant that few written documents exist other than the publications themselves, it appears that at that time, the funding of the paper came from annual allocations by the Student Government Association, and that there was a question if this arrangement would continue. The next issue to appear came in March of 1992, and a change in publisher (the issues that came out in March and June 1992 were the only two printed by T&E Printing, with every other issue to date printed by Chapman Printing) and a significant change in the names listed on the staff list suggest that during the approximately six months that The North Avenue Review didn't publish an issue, there was a substantial change in the staff of the paper.

After the rebirth, almost every issue printed for the next few years had a focus section, in which a certain theme was discussed in detail. These topics ranged from culture in the south, to communication, to the ever ubiquitous Generation X. Two articles stand out for particular mention during this period. The first was in the April 1993 issue, reflecting on the October 13, 1992 vice-presidential debate held at the Robert Ferst Center for the Arts at Georgia Tech[10]. The article "How to Cover an Event with Dignity" related author J. Franklin Boltz's attempt at covering the debate for The North Avenue Review, and replaced actual coverage of the debate, due to lack of timeliness.

The other, and more noteworthy article, was one reprinted in the fall of 1993 from IEEE Technology and Society Magazine entitled "Socially Camouflaged Technologies: The Case of the Electromechanical Vibrator" by Rachel Maines. As reported in the accompanying article "The Perils (and Vibrators) of Rachel Maines," the original publication of this article about turn of the century vibrators, and the techniques

used to legitimize what could be seen as morally questionable devices resulted in the firing of Dr. Maine from Clarkson University, and caused academic problems for Georgia Tech's own Dr. Jim Brittain, who was guest editor for the issue of the IEEE publication in which the article appeared. By reprinting this article, The North Avenue Review was able to, in it's own small way, fight academic censorship, and affect a larger world than Georgia Tech.

During the years of 1993 and 1994, The North Avenue Review underwent some changes which would allow it to affect the world around it in many more ways (Authors Note: Near the end of 1994, I joined the staff of the paper, and have served on it's staff to the present day, spending approximately two of those years as the paper's editor. Any information from this period not otherwise referenced should be assumed to have been acquired first hand). In the issue printed in the fall of'1993, the editorial indicated that The North Avenue Review had finally joined The Technique, The Blue Print, and Erato as members of the Board of Student Publications[11]. This change gave the underdog magazine a more legitimate foothold, and put to an end the previous financial difficulties that arose from the need to get a special allocation each year from the Student Government Association. Under the umbrella of the Publications Board, the haphazard publishing schedule of the magazine moved to a more stable schedule of one issue per academic quarter.

In the issue printed Winter Quarter, 1994, an article was printed that would mark the beginning of what would become a constant issue in The North Avenue Review for the next two years. The article was "Are the Olympics Good for the City of Atlanta?" by Gavin Guhxe, and the topic of the 1996 Olympics would be a constant point of discussion in the next several issues of the paper. From the economic affect that the Olympics had on other previous host cities, to the questionable amount of authority given to the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games, to the reprehensible practice of shipping Atlanta's homeless population to other cities after destroying their housing communities and assistance facilities to make room for venues, the repercussions of the Olympic Games in Atlanta would be a central focus for the publication.

The last, and most significant change that The North Avenue Review underwent at this time, was its foray onto the world wide web. Starting with the Fall Quarter, 1994 issue, a copy of the articles printed in the paper was available for the entire world to see on their computer. At that time, the computer services for Georgia Tech organizations were just beginning to be clarified, and The North Avenue Review's web site was not hosted by Georgia Tech, or even in the state of Georgia, but rather on a staff member's friend's computer out in Iowa. But in the new geography of the internet, distance mattered not, and soon people from across the United States, and even as far away as China and Australia, were reading a Georgia Tech publication that was "printed" in the middle of America.

Soon enough, the web site moved to a Georgia Tech computer, and eventually to it's current home on the CyberBuzz student organization system. But the computer it was housed on didn't matter, what mattered was the computer users who were reading it. Soon, through word of mouth, and advertising through search engines and centralized databases, The North Avenue Review was a name known to people outside of the Institute which created it. This led to some confusion, as many of the paper's distant readers did not fully understand the nature of the publication, and tried to submit their works for publication. Soon, the unofficial policy for such submissions was to publish off-campus submissions if it was felt that the on-campus community would benefit from the piece, and to reject all others, while still publishing all submissions made by individuals and groups associated with Georgia Tech.

The dynamics of the

world wide web allowed individuals to point their friends and others to individual articles from the magazine, rather than to the whole magazine as a unified product. In this fashion, at least one article gained a readership that far outweighed that of The North Avenue Review itself: Shira Kapplin's "Women and Obstetrics: The Loss of Childbirth to Male Physicians", which appeared in the Winter Quarter, 1995 issue. This article was found by some professionals in the childbirth industry, as well as many people affiliated with organizations supporting alternative birthing practices, and was soon to be found on several of their web pages, such as the "Radical Parenting" page of the Democratic Socialists of America and a few feminist organizations[12]. This article brought more attention to the paper than would have otherwise been possible.

There have been other instances of people who have never been to Georgia Tech citing articles from the magazine, as well as several letters to writers from distant locales. These few communications, along with the off-campus submissions sent to The North Avenue Review, have allowed the staff of the publication to get a feel for the distance the paper has traveled, and has also possibly affected the direction of the paper. While the first few issues had more of a direct connection with Georgia Tech, reporting on internal politics, and blowing whistles at individuals in the community, later issues seemed to focus more on larger issues, and sweeping broader strokes across society. Features such as "Dateline: Tech", which often criticized Tech policies and then Tech President Crecine, have been replaced by articles (or as they are internally called, "NARticles") about religion, pop-culture, and historical figures[13]. The North Avenue Review has changed from a paper that talks about Georgia Tech, to a paper that talks about the world from the Georgia Tech perspective.

In recent years, other changes have been made in the paper, but their relative youth makes it difficult to ascertain the effect they will have on the paper. New columns, such as "/dev/null: The Best of git.club.nar" have been introduced to increase the communication between the paper and the community, and have been put in place to make The North Avenue Review the beginning of conversations, rather than the summary of them[14]. As the paper heads into it's second ten years, and beyond, its direction remains unknown. All that will is certain to remain will be the quote by Albert Camus, located on the bottom of every email they send: "A free press can of course be good or bad, but, most certainly, without freedom it will never be anything but bad..."

Endnotes

1) "Untitled," North Avenue Review, Issue 1, July 1989, p. 1.
2) "*North Avenue Review* gets $9000 from SGA," The Technique, Oct. 12, 1989, pp 1,9.
3) North Avenue Review, Issue 1, July 1989.
4) "*North Avenue Review* gets $9000 from SGA," The Technique, Oct. 12, 1989, pp 1,9.
5) Ibid
6) "Fascists steal 4000 copies of *The North Avenue Review,*" The Technique, Nov. 17, 1989, p 13.
7) "Open minded *North Avenue Review* continues to stir up USC," The Technique, May 18, 1990, p 4.
8) Ibid
9) "The Silent Generation," North Avenue Review, Issue 14, Summer Quarter, 1991, pp 5-8.
10) "How To: Cover an Event with Dignity," North Avenue Review, Issue 19, Apr. 1993, p 12.
11) "Letters to (and from) the editor," North Avenue Review, Issue 21, Fall Quarter, 1993, pp 4-5.
12) "Radical Parenting Page", Democratic Socialists of America, http://www.dsausa.org/rl/Links/Parents.html
13) "Dateline: Tech," North Avenue Review, Issue 3, Nov. 1989, p 27.
14) "/dev/null," North Avenue Review, Issue 40, Summer Quarter, 1998, pp 52-55.

A Personal Note From an Ex-editor

Elsewhere in this issue is my NARticle on the history of the North Avenue Review, as was written for Dr. McMath and Dr. Giebelhaus's class "The History of Georgia Tech." I think it serves as an interesting and concise wrapup of the past 10 years. However, there are a few things that I want to say that didn't properly fit into the tone of that paper.

Since 1994, I've spent most of my time here at Tech (and nearly half of the NAR's time) on the staff of this paper. It has been responsible for many of my proudest moments at this Institution, and also some of my most frustrating ones. But before I leave this school for hopefully greener pastures, I want to thank those who have come before me, those who have helped me during my stay, and those who will watch after the place after I'm long forgotten.

Thanks go:

To Steve Danyo, Jeff Cardille, Dr. David Ray, Dean Edwin Kohler, and everyone else who helped this thing get off the ground. To former editors and staff members whose names have been forgotten in the constant shuffle of paperwork, but whose works are still available in back issues (available at the archives department or on the fifth floor of the library). To the editors I have had the pleasure of knowing, working under, and working with: The Teditor, Paul, Jai-Hari, Erin, Larkyn and Rob. To Gavin, who often seemed to be singlehandedly keeping us in stock of things to print. To Erin, Jo-Pe, and Jimmy, who got us to millions via our website (http://cyberbuzz.gatech.edu/nar). To RoseMary and Nancy, whose help without which this thing would never get published. To Chapman Printing, for printing the damn thing. To Blake Leland, who knows that the best way to advise us is to occasionally berate us for not being able to spell, and then leave us be. To the Board of Student Publications, and all the staff members of the other publications, for making us feel to be part of something bigger than ourselves (and to occasionally drag us into their own little conflicts).

And lastly, to two groups of people who I owe much to. First, the current staff, including Editor DeAnna Janecek. I remember when each of you joined; hell, I was the one who brought most of you in. My accomplishment during my tenure was to bring the paper to a point where you could make it something special, something important. I have faith (okay, bad choice of words for a deist) that you will. But lastly, and most importantly, thanks to the students, faculty, and staff of Georgia Tech. Sure, during my time here I have complained about several of you, I have been occasionally disappointed, and I outright hate a goodly number of you, but there are a few out there that give the rest of us hope. You will make a difference, and I will be happy to be able to say I knew you when.

That's the news, folks, and I am outta here.

-Kiefer

The "Best" Of The NORTH AVENUE REVIEW

Following this is "the best" of the past ten years of the North Avenue Review. By "the best" we don't mean that we agree with all the opinions presented herein, or think that the quality of all the writing will win any awards. In fact, we admit that some of the following essays are poorly written or are clearly idiotic. But what the following will indicate is "the spirit" of this crazy magazine: Students writing about what matters most to them, trying to bring a different viewpoint to the students of Georgia Tech.

Hopefully, the following pages will serve to remind everyone what a strong tool the North Avenue Review can be. And maybe, they will get someone to realize that they too have something to say. After all, we're gonna need something to put in our 25th Anniversary Issue.

(Editor's Note: Some of the following essays have had minor alterations performed on them during the course of transcription. Errors earlier published have been fixed if large enough to be noticed. However, all comments about errors the that remain should be referred to the original writer and staff.) (All previous issues of NAR available at the Georgia Tech library and archives)

The Myth of Educational Equality

By Will Powell

(First Printed Feb. 1990, Issue #4)

The current systems of secondary and higher education in the United States are poorly preparing our students for future trade and world affairs. The system also is not properly set up for the culturally diverse segment of students that is currently being educated. Our programs are not teaching students from different backgrounds with regard to their culture. This research effort is an attempt to assimilate some current information, process and distinguish the problem, then make some suggestions on possible steps toward a solution. First the article will cover demographics and historical overviews of the problems involved in educating the culturally diverse community, followed by the definition, statement and possible consequences of the problem, and finally some suggestions for possible solutions. The greatest fear that any civilization has is that its future, its youth, will be improperly educated. An African-American folk saying reads "If you want to keep something secret from black folk, put it between the pages of a book."[1] All of the people involved in the process must endeavor to make this an untruth.

The statistical analysis of the American education is frightening when one compares those results to the reputation of our country as a technologically, educationally advanced nation. Black high school graduates aged 18 to 24 earned about the same as White youths who only graduated from elementary school. Young Blacks ages 22 to 34 with a high school diploma were 3.5 times as likely to be poor as their White counterparts. Blacks who were of the ages between 25 and 34 with one to three years of college earned about as much as Whites of the same age group who had graduated from high school but had not gone to college. Blacks with college degrees who are between the ages of 25 and 34 were 2.5 times as likely to be unemployed as their White counterparts. Blacks, ages 25 to 29, with a high school diploma earned less than Whites of that age who had dropped out of high school.[2]

The population of American colleges by the year 2000 will be dictated by the population of our Kindergartens today. Kindergarten students are one third minority, and in the states of Texas and California there is a "minority majority" in the five-year-old population. Our demographers tell us these statistic are true because of the decline in the birth rate of the Eurostock female.[3] We can see from this that the make up of our college campuses of the future will be different from today, as far as the background of the students is concerned. The high school graduation rate of black students between 1976 and 1985 rose from 67 to 75 percent while the college attendance rate for those students dropped from 34 to 26 percent. For Hispanics the numbers for high school graduation were increased from 56 to 62 percent and college attendance rate dropped 10 percent from 36. Our college campuses are, in fact, already seeing the culturally diverse student bodies of the future. Berkeley's 1987 fall incoming freshmen class had the following breakdown: Black 12 percent, Hispanic 17 percent, Asian 26 percent, and White 40 percent.[4]

It also becomes apparent that the larger percentage of our institutes are failing because of the rate of success of Black students in predominantly Black versus predominantly White schools. Black schools awarded 34 percent of all of the undergraduate degrees earned by Black students in 1981. By 1984, the percentage had risen to 40 percent.[5] These statistics are a testimony to the inability of

our institutes to properly educate, and with the fact that by the year 2010 the nation's population will be composed of one third minorities, we must take the proper steps to properly educate them.[6]

Our campuses are designed to educate and to guarantee the future of our society. A University should be a place where people of differences get together and create a kind of forum of ideas for learning. The history of our education system and of our college campuses does not demonstrate this quality. Down through the history of the country our educators have proposed that those who were of a different ethnic origin were to be melted down into an American culture with predetermined Americanized values, goals, religion and language. Immigrants and Native Americans and Blacks were treated as second class citizens. Children were actually punished for their use of a language other than English. Mainstream America tried to "gobble up" diverse ethnic groups.[7] Even as late as the 60's and 70's our educators were not prepared for the student uprisings that were to occur. The educator knew almost nothing about those students, their values and their ideals, but the students had the numbers to support their values on racism, sexism, and classism and their values did prevail.[8] Even today students display their ignorance through fear, intolerance and violence by way of "Acts of Intolerance". These incidents are not isolated to the campuses of the Southeast, but stretch as far as northern Illinois, Oregon, Texas, and Massachusetts.[9] The violence even reached the Georgia Tech campus as a cross burning in front of one of the campus' Black sororities in 1985.[10] The Acts of prejudice have been "neatly" qualified by Gordon W. Allport, author of the Nature of Prejudice, in five categories:

1. Anlilocution
2. Avoidance
3. Discrimination
4. Physical Attack
5. Extermination[11]

Our educators have not properly prepared the minds of their students for the extremely diverse experience that the college campus would supply.

Ross and Nagy, in an extremely interesting article, define the response to differences in three frames of reference in a grid. Down the vertical part of the grid are the terms Prejudice, Discrimination, Scapegoating, Stereotyping, and Segregation. Along the x axis of the grid are the reference frames which are Bigotry, Equality, and Esteem. This grid assigns a particular action to a type of response and is an intriguing method of defining the education deficit in reactions to cultural differences.[12]

Basically when we talk about cultural differences we talk about different ways of life or cultural patterns. A cultural pattern is a method or view that a group of people uses to deal with the different problems and challenges that they face in everyday life. We do not teach that a cultural pattern should be viewed relative to its effectiveness, but whether or not it is different from our own.[13] As we observe the cultural pattern, we tend to make generalizations according to our past experience. We tend to categorize because all of the information that we receive must be stored in some systematic method. Allport's descriptions of categorization is as follows:

1. Categorization forms large classes and clusters for guiding our daily adjustments
2. It assimilates as much as it can to the cluster
3. The category enables us quickly to identify a related object
4. The category saturates all that it contains with the same ideational and emotional flavor
5. Categories may be more or less rational[14]

In these he gives us some of the rationale for categorization along with some of the inherent problems.

Throughout the studies and surveys that are made in all of the levels of schooling, virtually all of the findings are

implicitly negative in terms of the contribution of the school.[15] Part of this problem might be the fact that our idea of cultural education is currently a measure of the ability to regurgitate rote facts on standardized, multiple choice tests. If a student can score high on this sort of endeavor we then call him culturally aware.[16] We do not teach him how to think analytically, or to examine culture through the eyes of others. The Faculty (who could in fact provide this alternate view) in our colleges and universities is composed of an alarmingly small number of minority educators. The minority student numbers are also quite low. The Black male participation in higher education has become so low that he is considered an "endangered species". Our minority educators hold an important position in our institutions because they serve as experts in residence, resources of information from the "other side of the fence," for our future students. The need for them will increase many times as the population of our schools change.[17] We have already seen the success rate for the Black institute over the White in reference to black students, and the reasons for this are obvious. Many of our schools do not have the attitude that the minority can achieve nor do they demand it from their students. There is no support structure or intercommunication between faculty and minority students.[18] Even our text books and the current language practices have certain intolerant overtones. The literary use of white and black have obvious conditioning affects and are often taught with demeaning interpretations. The prejudice in literature is "metabolized in the bloodstream of society." The people who teach verbal behavior are responsible in part for the lack of "linguistic insensitivity." We teach misappropriate language to demean, detract, and to curse. Even in our well known reference books we use language as a tool of prejudice. Roget's Thesaurus has over 134 synonyms of whiteness, 44 of which are favorable, 10 of which have any semblance of negative connotation. Blackness had 120 synonyms, 60 of which are distinctly unfavorable and the positive ones numbered zero. 30 of the Black entries were of a racial relation.[19]

The problems of cultural insensitivity in the education system are serious. Our knowledge of culture, language, politics and history is going to become very important as trade and communication become more geographically encompassing. Our policies easily point out the fact that the United States is the most linguistically illiterate and the most culturally chauvinistic country of any of the major world powers. "Educational Apartheid" is what the state of our education system will reach if we continue to have our highly educated upper-middle class whites and a permanent underclassed, improperly educated non-white population.[20] Our educators must prepare their students for the future, but obviously we do not do this so in effect we give our students an education that is archaic.[21]

We have to start by asking the right questions before we can formulate the right answer. What instructional strategies are available to get students to improve attitudes towards groups other than their own? What is the extent of their implementation? Is there any indication of their effectiveness? How can we further empower these methods?[22] Who exactly will our students be? What skills will they possess and what skills will we need to teach them?[23]

The proper implementation of a program to increase the cultural awareness on our campuses must come through the highest possible authority for the sake of the program's credibility. Across the board involvement is necessary to give the underprivileged a voice, we must not only get them to the institutions but we must develop methods to retain them and bring them to a level comparable to that of the average majority student.[24] Georgia Tech's program is one of only a few in current operation in the country for total campus cultural diversity.

Our goals should be to approach primary – if not advanced – knowledge about ethnic groups and their impact on public issues past and present. We must conceive an environment that will allow disadvantaged minority students to achieve an academic level equal to that of students in general. We must maintain high standards for all students and pay particular attention to the motivating factors that are not common to the current mindset of educators.[25] We must develop a campus that is open to the difference that all peoples have and to enhance each student's life by exposure to these differences.

There are several distinctions for the different types of programs that could be used to alleviate the problems on our campuses. Formal education methods, contact and acquaintance programs, group retraining methods, mass media, exhortation, and individual therapy are a few of the classifications.[26] Some of the suggestions for the development of this type of program might be from the suggestions made by Zelema Harris, an experienced and professional educator:

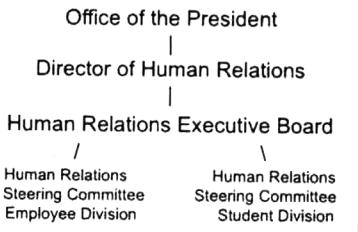
1. Minority achievement is viewed as a preparation problem rather than a social problem.
2. Support through a campus environment using involvement for success through student unions and cultural events.
3. Increase numbers of minority faculty members and involvement in equal opportunity strategies
4. Visible administrative commitment – including financial support
5. Comprehensive and systematic minority achievement programs
6. University programs are much more effective when the state policy environment is cooperative [27]

Benjamin, a contributor for a major education journal, also had a six point list that contains helpful hints:

1. Stress the fact that all cultural groups have made important contributions to humanity throughout history
2. Challenge the critical thinking skills and the moral development of the students in ways to promote growth
3. Do not concentrate in the differences between people but instead stress the fact that people have hopes, fears and needs central to human nature
4. Help students look at events through the eyes of others
5. Seek out teaching materials that properly portray the characteristics of different ethnic groups, countries, religions and political ideals
6. Become personally knowledgeable about other ways of life [28]

With these sorts of suggestions on the philosophy of the on campus program, and some careful administration and faculty involvement these types of programs could be very effective.

Tech's program is a unique blend of administrators, faculty members, and students with the following structure:


Office of the President
Director of Human Relations
Human Relations Executive Board
Human Relations Steering Committee Employee Division
Human Relations Steering Committee Student Division

Our various programs such as the FASET program segment, the Psychology 1010 class for freshmen, the outstanding White Awareness program, our retention strategies and our conflict management skills courses are just a few of the things that the Tech staff is doing to help the problems that we have on this campus.[29] An interesting philosophy comes out of the office in that here at Tech, we work on the problem through the power structure of the school instead of trying to take on the system; the problems are destroyed through the system itself.

An important part of the university as far as student development is concerned is the residence hall. Here is where the majority of student interaction takes place and

also most of the acts of intolerance. The Housing office is very supportive of the campus diversity program and uses its fall staff training program as well as resident assistant section programs and inservice to make sure all of the involved people are properly prepared to deal with certain situations. The resident assistant also attends conferences and seminars where the current problems and challenges on different campuses are discussed. A recurrent theme is the problem of cultural diversity in the residence hall, and programs of different types are frequently presented at these events.[30]

The problem is serious because our college graduates are becoming unable to perform in the international business world, not to mention the fact that our educations are in effect incomplete. We must prepare for the global future by having the proper information about varied culture and being able to incorporate this information for daily use. Malcolm X once said "Education is our passport to the future, for tomorrow belongs to the people who prepare for it today," and in our current system of education, the longer we delay a universal diversity program we will continue to be unprepared for the future.[31]

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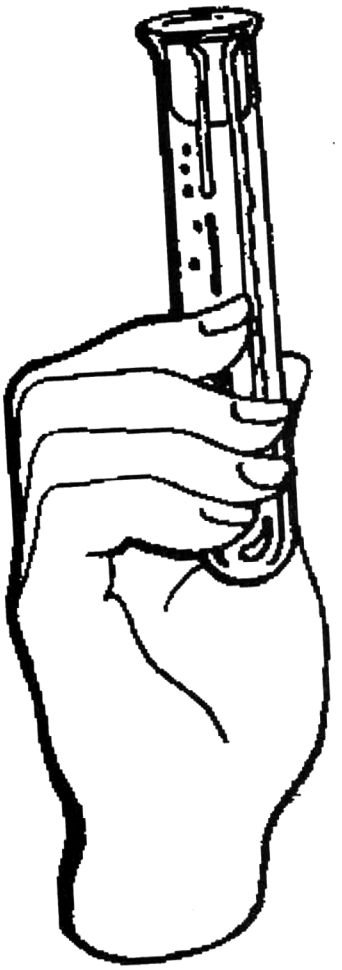


Sexism and Gender Issues: Interview With A Survivor of Rape

By Suzanne Burns

(First Printed March 1990, Issue #5)

On the average there are 6 cases of rape reported by Ga. Tech women every quarter. This number is alarming enough in itself, but even more horrifying is the fact that this number most likely represents only a fraction of the rapes committed. National studies now show that in the United States more than every one in four women will be the victim of sexual assault in their lifetime. In other words, the next time you are in a lecture hall, look around. If there are 40 women in the class, chances are at least on10 of them have been, or will be, victims of sexual assault. The following is an interview with one such woman.

Was the person someone you knew?

No.

Where and when did it happen?

In my house in the middle of the night, about 2 a.m., last October. I was asleep. I didn't wake up until he was in my room and was holding me down. I never saw him, except that I saw he was black from under the blindfold.

Did he physically hurt you?

He told me that if I didn't struggle he wouldn't hurt me, so I didn't. There was no one around who would have heard if I had screamed.

Do you think that the man came to your house with the intent of raping someone and just decided to steal things while he was there, or vice versa?

I really think that he broke in because he knew I was there alone and had come to rape me. If he just wanted to steal things, he could've come when I wasn't home.

Did you tell someone immediately afterwards?

I called the police. The man tied me up and blindfolded me. He took a lot of things from my home. He stole my car but he told me he didn't want the car, he was just going to use it to take all of the things and that they would find my car somewhere, and they found my car the next day and it was okay. He took the cord off the telephone so it would take me longer to call the police. When I got the phone back together I called 911. The lady at 911 stayed on the line with me until the police got there.

How were you treated by the police? Did they believe you?

Yes, they believed me and were good about the whole thing. It was so obvious that it had really happened. The police could tell that someone had broken in. It is a lot harder for people when you do know the man because a lot of times it isn't so obvious. With me, there is no way that the police would think I had made this up. It's so sad that a lot of women are raped and they didn't o anything to contribute to it – maybe they were out late or they went out with somebody they didn't know that well, but people look at them and said that they shouldn't have been out late or whatever. Well maybe they shouldn't have, but no woman asks or deserves to be raped. I think an ideal world would not be one where we were always protected, but one where we didn't need to be protected.

What happened to the man legally?

The police sifted through everything in my house looking for fingerprints, but they didn't find enough to identify the man. They also took bed sheets to try to find semen, but they didn't find anything. They had a suspect and were pretty sure that it was the man that raped me. They brought me pictures of him to identify but I didn't see him enough to identify him. All they had on him was circumstantial evidence so they were never able to make an arrest.

Do you worry that he's out there and that he might come back?

Sometimes. Not so much, though. The police told me that it's very uncommon for a rapist to come back to the same place twice. And he would be crazy to, since the police are pretty sure they know who did it. If he did come back, he would have a much greater chance of getting caught. I still drive home at night though, and see men standing on the side of the road and wonder if one of them could be him.

How did your family and friends react when you told them?

They were all very supportive. My best friend was a former roommate at Tech and she took it especially hard when I told her because she was raped by someone she knew at Tech. She has been very helpful since she knows how I feel.

Did the police tell you about any rape support groups?

No. The general procedure is that they take you to Grady Hospital and they have a rape crisis center there. A counselor stays with you while they are examining you. She tells you about the rape crisis center at Grady.

How did you find out about the support group at Tech?

I was looking around a lot for something else besides Grady and I called the counseling center and made an appointment with a counselor there. The support group was formed a few weeks later.

Do you feel the support group helped you?

Yes. One of the most important things in dealing with rape is to just know that there are other people put there who know how you feel. I've had so many weird feelings and it's easy to wonder about yourself. It helps a lot to know that someone else is feeling the same things. I have a long way to go though.

In your support group are there date rape victims as well as stranger rape victims?

Yes. Although each case is different, it helps out both types of victims. The stranger rape victims have a lot in common in that they all wonder who the man was, and if he will come back, and the people who were raped by people that they knew will also have common questions and problems.

Do you think this experience has changed you attitude towards me?

I wish it hadn't, but in some ways. It's real easy when you've been treated like that to generalize and say that all men are bad and that all men treat women badly and are mean and I fall into that trap sometimes. Now I am much quicker to get upset by things that men say and I jump to the wrong conclusions thinking that they mean to hurt me when I wouldn't have though so before I was raped.

Were you dating anyone at the time of the rape or since then?

I have dated the same man for over a year.

How has this affected your relationship?

It's been difficult, but he's been very helpful. The night of the rape, the police called him and he met us at the hospital. He called my parents for me. He understands when I feel scared for apparently no reason and he tries to make me feel better. He realizes that there are things that he used to do that never bothered me, that bother me now. He knows that I am more sensitive and he has been flexible.

Has the rape made you feel afraid of sex?

No, but you have a lot of things going on in your head sometimes. I think about how sex can be such an act of love, but for me it was also an act of violence. It's hard to reconcile that sometimes. My fiancé has been very patient with me and very gentle and kind. He knows that I need

lots of hugs and he is always there for me. He's very understanding.

Are you afraid to be alone now?

I was more at first, but I'm more comfortable now. I went to a locksmith and got better locks for my windows and put better flood lights in my yard.

Are you a religious person?

Yes.

Has this experience made you doubt your beliefs?

A lot of people would say "Where was God?" I believe that God gives everyone choices and that if I want choices in life then I have to let other people have their choices too. A lot of times people are hurt by other peoples' choices, and that's just the way it is. When the man was in my house I just prayed. He raped me twice and all I could do was lie there and pray that he wouldn't kill me. And then I thought that it was okay if he killed me because I knew where I was going when I died. Then I just prayed for him not to hurt me, but I decided that I could handle that too. Having a strong faith has definitely helped me get through this. The hard part is now. I was writing something once about how I am a rape victim. I wish that I could say I was a rape victim. Other crime victims can say "I *was* a victim of a robber;" "I *was* a victim of a mugger." I *am* a rape victim.

Do you think that you will always feel like a victim, or that there will be some time in the future when you can say you were a rape victim?

I hope so. It's heading that way. It gets better. My feelings kind of go in cycles. One day I'll think, "Hey – I'm licking this thing!" and then I'll be depressed for three weeks.

What would your advice be to someone who has been raped?

There may be some times when it's best not to report it, but for the most part I would always say report it. Even if you know you don't have any proof and you know that there is nothing they can do to them, if you report it you are going to be in a much better situation if you remember something later that might help catch him or if he bothers you again, you can go back to the police and say "I reported a rape by him before – keep him away from me." You can't do that if you never report it. And if you don't think that you can report it, at least see a counselor or go to a support group. It just helps so much to be able to talk to people who have been there. Also just be careful. I get so scared when I drive to work and see women jogging alone or standing on the street waiting for someone or late at night alone. There have been so many times in the past few months that I have almost pulled over to the side of the road when I see a girl standing there and said, "Don't do this." So many people think that it won't happened to them. Well it happens a lot more than anyone knows or thinks and I bet that most people have friends that it has happened to. Carry tear gas. If you're a guy, don't ever think that a woman is silly to be afraid. If she's afraid, it's probably for a very good reason. Don't take the risk of her being right.

The Jungle

By Edward Gibbs

(First Printed May 1990, Issue #6)

Dave finished his frozen peach pie and slurped down the last of his milk leaving him just enough left on the bottom to annoy his mom. He could hear the TV on in the other room, his parents were watching the news. Dave jumped out of his chair and rushed upstairs to get his trucks. Pulling them out of the closet he clumped back down the stairs. Dropping the trucks on the hardwood floor in front of the TV he settled down to play till the food shows came on at eight. Dave's father just glanced at his son and walked over to turn the volume up. Dave paid no attention sliding his trucks across the polished floor and quietly adding sound effects. A commercial for Peter Pan came on and Dave stopped playing for a moment. He knew his mom was taking him to the movies Saturday.

His attention was diverted from his trucks as he glanced up at the TV to the news story coming on. "Today a famous environmentalist was assassinated in Cama, Brazil. Authorities suspect powerful developers to be behind the slaying. The victim, Franco Emerson, was a leader in the movement to preserve the rapidly disappearing rain forests. Developers in Brazil are believed to be behind the slaying and the numerous attempts on his life over the past few years,...he was gunned down for trying to save tress," the newsman summarized moving on to a human interest story on Greenpeace.

"Crazy liberals," his dad commented as he picked himself up and headed into the kitchen for a beer.

"Coming, dear?" he added as he walked past his wife.

"Well alright, might as well get started in the dishes now," his mom replied as she followed her husband picking up the deserts plates and glasses as she went. "I don't suppose you're going to finish this milk are you, David?" Not receiving a reply she continued into the kitchen.

Dave had stopped pushing his dump truck around adding the puttering engine sounds. Yet, something was puttering on his insides. He left his trucks scattered randomly on the floor, his mom would complain, but he wouldn't be around to hear.

The sun was already sinking down on a breezy fall day as Dave stepped out under the pink clouds. A strange man was outside kicking and cursing his car which had a flat. Dave scrambled down the steps and out into the back where the tiny forest beckoned at him from the borders of the backyard. To one side of the house lay the site of the new houses under construction. The earth bled crimson; red clay replacing the leafy floor of the former forest. He could remember trying to stop the bulldozers from plowing down his woods. The stench of diesel death had filled his nostrils as he dug around the bulldozer long after the construction workers had gone home. He shoveled clods of red clay throwing them onto the machine. He had dug a trench around the bulldozer until the sky had turned black. This was sure to stop them.

Red and green shotgun shells pushed to the front of his thoughts. He could remember collecting the empty shells. He kept the collection in his room, the blue, green, and red shotgun shells with the shiny brass ends. With a little thinking he remembered the day his father had bluntly called them shotgun shells. So these were the cause of those hollow bangs in the distance. These were the refuse of the ones who kept him confined to the little woods in his backyard. Hunters, men with rifles waiting out under the trees.

Now, he remembered getting scolded for pulling up all those stakes about a month ago. He had strolled through the woods pulling them out and tossing them all in the clump of pricker bushes near the road. His mom asked him about it about a week later and forbade him from going outside after supper for a week. She told him the stakes were important, and that Dave shouldn't go near them anymore. A few weeks later the bulldozers showed up.

Things pieced themselves together in

strange ways, now. The ones who hunted, who left their shells behind, these were the ones who killed. They had killed a man in South America, hunted and gunned him down because he wanted to save trees. Dave had tried to save trees. He had pulled out the stakes and trapped the bulldozer. Maybe the distant gunshots had been meant for him. How could he be sure they were only hunters looking to bad a big buck as his Dad often chipped in. His own mortality shivered him about the knees. He could feel goose bumps rising even on the scar that ran down his arm, the reminder of a nasty fall from a tree.

Dave looked about and wondered. The shade of the trees melted into the universal shading of night. He could think better here in the twilight, in the growing shadows. He dropped to the ground and laid back in the grass. The pink clouds drifted by their shapes to constant change and disorder. The world had been, had seemed, wild and wonderful. Home, school, and church had all seemed to be the order of the universe. Now chaos had crept in. It had oozed through the crack of the holes in his limited world. There was no great plan that ran the world as if it were a giant clock. Things were immensely complex. Why had they killed the man in South America? There must be some point to it. It was all just a little too much to worry about. Maybe he could just go to bed early and sleep it away.

Dave got back up and wandered back inside. He went straight up to bed not even bothering to take his trucks up with him. He slipped out of his sneakers and fell into bed.

"Killed him for protecting trees." His mind was stuck on it. After a while of pondering the thought finally slipped out of his head, maybe rolling out an ear, lost in the wrinkled sheets. Dave dell asleep clasping his stuffed leopard surrounded by the jungle wallpaper of his room.

Poison Park

By Thomas C. Hickman

(First Printed May 1990, Issue #6)

It wasn't my favorite place in the world but it was close. It was a park. Four, maybe five acres of green space in the middle of Metro-Atlanta. I used to go there a lot.

Once I took a young woman there at night. We sat on a blanket underneath an old willow tree and drank wine and talked about life. We looked at the stars. We were close to the creek. It made its creek noises and lulled me into a false sense of something that I can't even begin to describe. The water. The wine, the stars, the young woman...it was all too much for me that night. I may have fallen in love for the first time then. It was a very long time ago though, and I don't seem to be able to want to remember.

The young woman doesn't talk to me anymore, and I don't often think of her. But even after that particular part of my life turned ugly, I would still go to the park. Maybe it was the park I was in love with, not the girl. I would go there when reality got to be too much for me, when I stressed out. I'd sit on the big slabs of granite that the creek ran over and let the creek noises lull me out of my angst. If it was raining, I'd sit under the bridge and listen to the cars rolling and roaring over my head. It reminded my of when I was a kid. It always cheered me up a little.

In the middle of the park is a big green field. There's a trail around the outside of it. Kids would play ball in the field, and I would go there and run around the outside of it and watch them play, getting my daily mileage a half mile to the lap. It was probably the most pleasant place to run in the whole city. It was a well kept secret. There were happy kids and happy dogs, but not too many of them. The grass was soft and easy on my knees. Maybe, now that I think about it, that was my favorite place in the world.

About a year ago though, I noticed these signs...something about disease transmission and pollution. I thought it would get cleaned right up. This was a PARK. Something very important happened here during the civil war. The whole place is littered with those cast iron historical landmarks that no one ever reads. I was sure it would get cleaned right up.

I was there not long ago. I went there to run. The grass was still soft and green. There were no happy kids there playing ball. The only dog I saw looked belligerent. I think he wanted to bite me. But the grass was still a healthy green color, and I was happy to see a field that wasn't covered with asphalt and autos. I was happy to see something green. Then I saw the creek. It was green too, but it wasn't a happy, healthy green. It was a putrid, nasty smelling green. The banks were strewn with litter washed from upstream by the winter rains. The signs were still there..."possibility of Disease Transmission." Disease Transmission? That's really scary. It's been over a year or so now. That little creek flows into Peachtree Battle Creek, which flows into the Chatahoocheee, which flows into the Atlantic. Whatever poison is in that little creek has had a year or so to spread and grow. I wonder if the smell down stream is as bad as it is there in the park. I wonder if the rocks down stream are covered with the same nasty slime. I wonder why no one has done anything. I think maybe it's like Lou Reed sad..."Americans don't care anything for beauty. They'll shit in a river...dump battery acid in a stream."

But this was my favorite place in the world, or at least damn close. And it's been turned into a septic tank. Whoever did it put up a sign to keep people from getting into it and getting sick. They probably only did it to remove any legal responsibility. Or maybe they put the signs there to fool people like me into believing that someone gave a shit, that someone was doing something. Well, it almost worked, didn't it. It's been about a year. No one has done anything. I listened to the creek whole I was there. It wasn't making happy creek noises. It sounded like it was choking to death.

Angels, Left and Right

By Allan W. Yarbrough

(First Printed November 1990, Issue #10)

Amidst the many political clashes thatt manifest the central ideological conflict of our times – the conflict between liberalism and conservatism – there are a handful of issues in which both sides, each approaching with their particular philosophy, arrive at the same conclusion, prescribe the same solution, and join forces to accomplish the same objective. In the rare instances in which this occurs, we may hail the unanimity, lean back, and watch the earth move.

Or, at least, small corners of it. Here are two:

Immigration

When Representative Bruce Morrison (D-NY) authored a bill calling for immigration reform, he was bringing to life a measure advocated by every economist from Harvard leftist John Kenneth Galbraith to University of Chicago's Milton Friedman. Rep. Morrison's bill calls for increased immigration quotas, particularly for those equipped with the high tech skills that drive our economy. Employers had pleaded before Congress for permission to bring in workers from other countries who possessed capabilities that our moribund education system fails to give our own students. Foreign students already comprise the bulk of our graduate school population, and many of them remain in this country to provide us with the professional expertise that native-born Americans seem to have little interest in acquiring. Morrison's measure will now allow people from other countries, eager to be both rich and free, to become Americans while contributing to their new country tremendously.

Not that the Morrison bill does not have its detractors. Leading the opposition is Senator Alan Simpson (R-WY) and a gaggle of culturcrats who fear t he "alien influence" of a sudden influx of foreigners on our culture. However, a glance at America's astronomical rates of divorce, illegitimacy, abortion, alcoholism, and crime is enough to prompt the response "What culture?" Indeed, immigrants could very well provide precisely the rejuvenation our culture needs.

Even more idiotic complaints can be heard from organizations like Negative Population Growth, Inc., whose lust for wide open spaces leads to their endorsement of triage solutions to imaginary population explosions. Their economic prophesies are so mired in "zerosum game" doctrine that, when anyone talks of immigration, all they see are more mouths to feed, failing to recognize that the entrepreneurial spirit of our newest citizens actually increases employment levels and prosperity.

The Morrison bill is not without its faults: it will result in only modest increases in immigration and will leave intact a regional quota system that has prevented people fleeing the socialist tyranny of nations like Vietnam, and the citizens of Hong Kong seeking to escape the closing grip of Communist China, from starting a new life in America. But it does represent a step in the right direction, the direction of making America once again a refuge for the "huddled masses yearning to breath free."

Education

When Brookings Institution scholars John Chubb and Terry Moe released their study of educational choice last spring, they put the centrist imprimatur on a proposal that the *National Review*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and a bevy of conservative intellectuals had developed and advocated for a decade. The Brookings report calls on governments to issue vouchers that allow parents, at government expense, to select the school, public or private, religious or secular, that their children shall attend. In essence, the plan would create a free market in education, and let all schools compete with each other for education dollars based on their ability to educate, and therefore attract, students. It would permit inner-city youngsters to flee the failing public school

system by granting them the economic empowerment to afford the successful private schools, while at the same time giving incentive to established private schools and "education entrepreneurs" to reach out to or locate in inner-city neighborhoods.

I once had the opportunity to ask a Republican politician seeking statewide office in Georgia his opinion Of the voucher plan. "Well, yes, maybe in ten years we can do something like that. But first we need to build magnet schools." Well, yes, maybe a government that has endangered the economic security of the country by failing abysmally to educate kids can build yet another government-operated school and make it work simply by declaring that it should do so. I just happen to be a little skeptical. The whole point of voucher plans is to get students out of the public schools that do not provide an education and into other schools that do. In a market system there would be no need for the governments to build schools, for private citizens would do it for them.

This fall, the theory of educational choice became reality in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as the parents of a little over a hundred students enrolled their children in private schools, defraying the cost with vouchers provided by the state. The measure was sponsored by Democratic state legislator Polly Williams, the statewide director of the Jesse Jackson 1988 presidential campaign. Passed and implemented over the vociferous objections and lawsuits of the education bureaucracy, which saw the beginning of the end of its grip on education outlays, the law establishes a voucher system funded out of the education budget that creates vouchers worth $3000.00 (in a district whose public school expenditures exceed $6000.00 per student) to meet the cost of private education. Like Bruce Morrison's immigration bill, the Milwaukee plan is also quite limited. It is laced with restrictions: the parents income must not be above poverty level, the school may not cost more than the voucher, the plan only funds about 200 students, and parochial schools are forbidden to participate. This is in marked contrast to the Brookings report, which distinguishes itself with its recommendation that their be no restrictions on participants; reliance should be placed entirely on the good judgement of the parents. Yet, again like the Morrison bill, the Milwaukee plan also represents a step in the right direction. If expanded and emulated across the country, it will represent both a tremendous increase in personal freedom and allow America to be once again a leader in academic excellence.

Ghetto Ties

By Stephen Danyo

(First Printed November 1990, Issue #10)

Here's what we need to do: blow off classes and learn something. Go to the park and read a book. Check out the Oakland cemetery. Go to southside Atlanta. Spend an afternoon at the High Museum. Take a weekend off and hike around North Georgia or Cumber Island.

B-but don't watch T.V.

After four years of struggling through classes, students often look back and say, "What have I learned? What have I experienced?" Then comes a financially rewarding (but usually not a soulfully rewarding) job. Then a car, a house, and other ties. Ties that restrict. Ties that demand your time, your presence – which is fine, except that these ties won't let you take off and check stuff out.

The problem is, most people know this. They know they are being trained instead of educated. They know they must get out of Atlanta (or at least out of Tech) periodically and enjoy the fruits of life that abound everywhere. Ma Tech can only offer so much – after all there's a *reason* it's called *Ma* Tech. Do you think Mom can teach you everything you need to know?

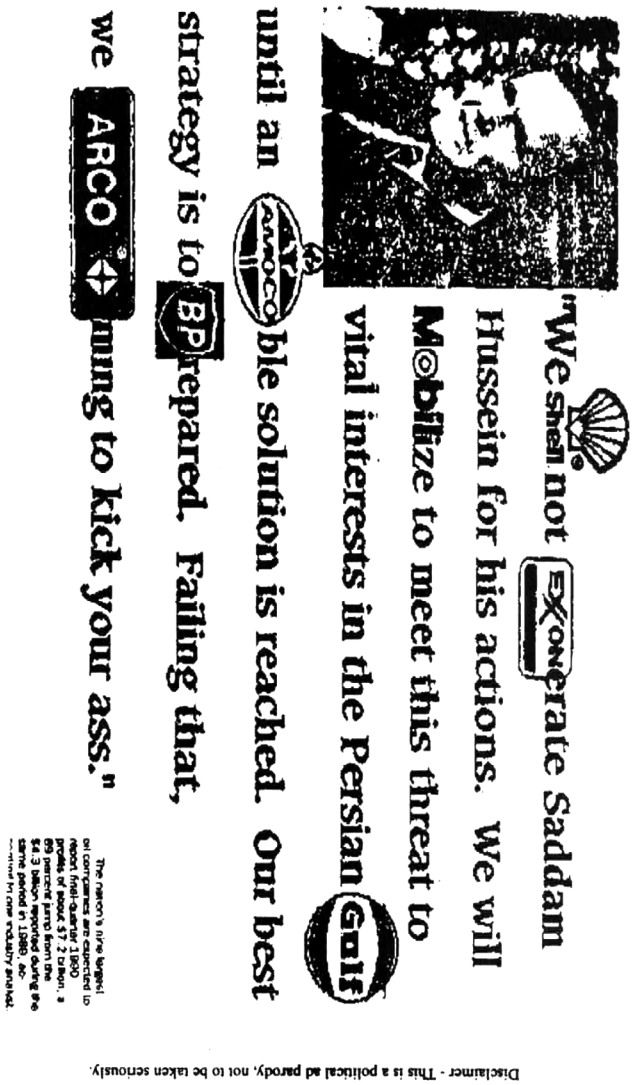
The more we hang around Tech without checking out other lives, other lifestyles, other ideas, the more we are stifling our potential. The most dramatic illustration that comes to my mind is found during the time I used to live in Heidelberg, Germany with other American Department of Defense people. About two miles outside Heidelberg was this residential Army base, Patrick Henry Village, complete with bowling alley, teen club, and middle school – all the necessary amenities of life. There was another base with a PX. I met many fellow students who had never ventured into Heidelberg itself. Never talked to a Ger-

man. Never went to a German restaurant. Never ventured beyond the "Ghetto" as Patrick Henry Village wa s known by many Germans. They didn't even watch German *television*.

The similarity to the Tech environment is striking, except that I suspect the reason that some do not explore outside our ghetto is that they are too bust working duplicitous problem, to bust ironing that suit for Public Speaking class, or too busy trying to keep up with design after design deadline. Most Tech students *do* blow off class responsibilities, however – *in order to keep up in another class*. The cycle keeps going... This is suppose to train us for the real world? How can we be ready for the "real" world when we don't know anything about what it's really all about?

We may know how to build a bridge, how to retain and enforce a bottom line, how to market a cheap product with an expensive wrapper, but what do we know about culture, about expression, about soul, indeed about life itself? It's time to start living, start learning, and start rejection our ties to the ghetto.

(First Printed March 1991, Issue #12)


"We Shell not Exonerate Saddam
Hussein for his actions. We will
Mobilize to meet this threat to
vital interests in the Persian Gulf
until an Amoco ble solution is reached. Our best
strategy is to BP repared. Failing that,
we ARCO mung to kick your ass."
Disclaimer - This is a political ad parody, not to be taken seriously.

What you don't know

By Carey McKeowo

(First Printed March 1991, Issue #12)

Some 'famous' or at least noteworthy gay or bisexual people
I put each into a category I felt they best fit. The only category that repeats persons named in the others is modern US military. Sources: Unnatural Quotations, Leigh Rutledge 1988; Gaze USA March 8, 1990 issue #5; Gay Community News Dec. 23,1990 vol 18 #23; ETC magazine's Gay in the Military series; and Frontiers magazine.

Military figures historical
Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Richard the Lionhearted Williams

US military in modern times
Rev. Troy Perry, Rock Hudson, Gore Vidal, Harvey Milk, Samuel Barber, Wm. S. Burroughs, Tom Waddell, John Cheever, Tyrone Power, John Rechy, GlennSwann, Craig Claiborne, Dave Connors, Merle Miller, Richard Locke, Rick Donovan, Andrew Holleran, Frank O'Hara, Peter Orlovsky, Mary Ann Humphrey, Johnnie Phelps

Some people expelled from US military, reserves, or ROTC in past 15 years for being openly gay
Leonard Matlovich, Perry Watkins, Miriam Bet BenShalom, Joseph Steffan, James M. Woodward, James Holobaugh, Robert Bettiker, David Carney, Peter Laska, Henri Donat

Music
Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland, Dame Ethel Smith, Ned Rorem, Samuel Barber, Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, Benjamin Britten, Thomas Schippers, EltonJohn,Johnny Mathis, Bessie Smith, Cole Porter, Morrisey, Sylvester, Dave Diamond (of the group, Berlin), Boy George, Brian Epstein (Beetle's manager), Andy Bell of Erasure, The Flirtations (five man, gay male a cappela group), Fred Small

Athletics
Martina Navratilova, Dave Kopay, Glenn Burke, Dr. Tom Waddell, Rod Jackson and Bob Paris, Dave Pallone

Film, stage, etc (actors, directors, critics, etc)
Rock Hudson, James Dean, Rudolph Valentino, Sal Mineo, John Waters, Vito Russo, Michael Kearns,
Ian McKellen, Derek Jarman, Simon Callow, Michael Cashman, Pam St. Clement, Nancy Diusguid, Stephen Fry, Simon Fanshawe, Philip Hedley, Alec McCowen, Bryony Lavery, Tim Luscombe, Cameron Macintosh, Ned Sherrin, John Schlesinger, Kenneth Williams

Visual arts
Leonardo da Vinci, Michaelangelo, Cecil Beaton, Herb Ritts, Andy Warhol, Keith Haring, Kristen Bjorn, Michael Leonard, Tom of Finland, Robert Mapplethorpe

Royalty not mentioned elsewhere
James VI &I, Edward II, William (as in and Mary), Emperor Ai-ti, sultan Selim I

Writers (including poets, playwrites, et al)
E.M. Forster, Gustave Flaubert, Marcel Proust, Oscar Wilde, James Baldwin, Gertrude Stein, Amy Lowell, Radclyffe Hall, Walt Whitman, Herman Melville, Horatio Alger, Wm. Somerset Maugham, Arthur Rimbaud & Paul Verlaine, Rita Mae Brown, Gore Vidal, Harvey Fierstein, Armistead Maupin, Jean Genet, Andre Gide, Sally Gearhart, Allen Ginsberg, Edmund White, Quentin Crisp, Larry Kramer, W.H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood, Noel Coward, Truman Capote, Tennessee Williams, Edna St Vincent Millay, Joe Orton, Hart Crane, Thomas Meyer, John Rechy, Raymond Chandler, Edward Carpenter, John Cheever, Pierre Louys, Edward Albee, John Horne Burns, William S. Burroughs, Merle Miller, Frank O'Hara, Peter Orlovsky, Andrew Holleran, Robert Patrick, David Lan, Martin Sherman, Anthony Sher, Nicholas Wright

US politics
Eleanor Roosevelt, William Rufus De Vane King and his lover James Buchanan who was later president, Robert Bauman, Roy Cohn, Gerry Studds, Barney Frank

Gay activists(a very incomplete list)
Dennis Altrnan, Arthur Bell, Harvey Milk, John Henry Mackay, Malcolm Boyd, Morris Kight, Jerry Silverman, Bruce Voeller, Rev. Troy Perry, Julie Dorf, 'Sister Dana Van Iquiy of the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence aka Dennis McMillan, Tseko Simon Nkoli (RSA), Roman Kalinin (USSR), Olga Zhuk (USSR), Alexander Lukeshov (USSR, brutally murdered last year apparently by the KGB)

A few assorted supporters of gay rights (defined as the right to live your own life in peace)
Lucie Arnaz, Paul Newman, Dolly Parton, Humphrey Bogart, Patti La Belle, Blake Edwards, Correta Scott King, Kathleen Nolan, Bette Midler, Milton Berle

'We homosexuals [sic] would all love to think of ourselves [as human beings first], without giving a second thought to our sexual orientation. Social attitudes, however, expressed by laws and expressions like 'fag' [force us to think of ourselves as homosexuals first]. Until the time when these laws and attitudes change, [gay activist groups] will continue to fight uncompromisingly for a permanent end to homosexual oppression, a fight which necessarily focuses on each individual's sexual orientation.'(1)

In the charming season of the flower-time of youth, thou shalt love boys, yearning for their thighs and honeyed mouth.
– Atheruan statesman and poet Solon.(2)

I hope to teach you something about how the images of gay people are presently obscured, distorted, and ignored in education and the media. It's been difficult deciding how to go about it and where to begin. Oh, I know what I want to tell you and have plenty of facts and figures to put into this article, in fact just what I know is too much to cover adequately especially since its such a complex, intertwined, and involved subject to try to explain to people who for the most part have never even considered, the possibility that there was anything more to lesbians, gay men, and bisexuals of both genders than the myths they accepted while growing up or that anyone they knew, had heard of, or studied in school could be gay.

Of course its really no wonder that most of you probably never gave this topic much thought, that's kind of the point of this article. Education and the media all tend to be whitewashed so that no one will get the impression that homosexuality and gay people are real and can be rationally discussed. The news media act as if there were nothing serious to discuss, popular entertainment generally only mirrors the images that straits already have of gays, so the public is shown only what it wants to see and it doesn't choose to see anything that doesn't conform to the lies it wants to continue believing – i.e. the public believes in faeries – but not in gay engineers, in perverts but not gay love and permanent relationships, and in 'fruits' but not people. Maybe this example will help you see what I mean about entertainment; there are 7 'Cosby kids' right? Then there's about a fifty percent chance that at least one of them is gay (3). Do you think there's much chance we'll see Cliff and Claire or any other sitcom parents handling that in their uniquely mature and loving fashion soon?

I'm so tired of us not being allowed to touch each other, kiss each other, as straight people are allowed to do, as black people are allowed to do, as anybody else is allowed to do on TV. Every other minority has been exposed and dramatized to the hilt. Why are we kept in such <u>strait</u>-jackets?
– LARRY KRAMER, in a discussion of NBC's 1985 drama about AIDS, 'An Early Frost' [my emphasis, for those who wonder what I mean by the term, "strait". Cary] (2)

On with the topic now.
Education: You may have seen one or two poems or speeches that were written in Ancient Greece or Rome in an English or Latin class sometime, but I doubt they used even one of the many, like the quote at the top of this article, expressing or praising homosexual love or desire. Psychology and sociology books and classes are just barely past the idea that homosexuality is, a disease or problem, now they gloss over it with a bland paragraph or two. While they no longer actively promote most of the myths (4) that used to be accepted as axioms in these fields

(5), they don't usually bother to point out and explain the flaws and fallacies of many commonly held beliefs about gay people or about homosexuality and its origins nor do they do much to inform people about the prevalence of homosexuality or the basic diversity of human sexual orientation. For example here at Tech, some class is using a book entitled 'Doctor, Am I a Virgin Again', about sex, sexuality, and responsible sexual decision making; when I noticed it in the bookstore I checked and at first thought it didn't even mention homosexuality at all since none of the standard terms appeared in the index but on closer examination I did find, 'gay or bisexual male' on a list of risk factors for AIDS as well as 'sex with a gay or bisexual male in the past X years'. Seemed a little redundant since sex with a nonmonagamous partner in the past X years is the risk factor for sexual transmission of AIDS, and I don't think it mentioned that lesbians have a very low frequency of infection and their primary risk-factor is having sex with a man in the past X years.

Did your literature books ever mention that Walt Whitman, Tennessee Williams, James Baldwin, Noel Coward, Gertrude Stein, Herman Melville, and Horatio Alger were gay? Well, what about: Marcel Proust, Gustave Flaubert, Renaud Camus, Joe Orton, E.M. Forster, etc? Do your history books mention which historical figures were gay? One of the speakers I listened to at the lesbian, gay, and bisexual studies conference at Harvard teaches history at a private high school. His talk was about the effects introducing some gay history into his curriculum had on his students attitudes (it sounded like a very progressive school). The assignment he gave them involved having the students read two conflicting evaluations of the berdache traditions in some American Indian tribes, discuss them, and form there own opinions about them. (Berdache were homosexual and/or transvestite tribe members with religious/ceremonial functions. They are known to have occurred in at least 145 AmerIndian tribes.) It was a very interesting talk with lots of positive implications, but what I wondered was why start with the berdache? It is valid history but it really only relates tangentially to contemporary gays and our society, since berdache aren't the only gay people in history and Indians are largely ignored themselves, why make our (gay) history a special sidetrack into what will be seen as trivia, when so much of mainstream history concerns known gays but fails to point that out? For examples: Alexander the Great, Solon the lawgiver, Julius Caesar, Leonardo da Vinci, Michealangelo, King James VI & I (that's the one with the bible named after him), James Buchanan, and the origin of the pink triangle as the symbol the Nazis used to label 'homosexuals' in the concentration camps. (If I'm not mistaken; conquest of the 'known world', the origins of Athenian law, the formation of the Roman empire, the European Renaissance, the consolidation of English nationalist power, the U.S. presidency, and World War II are considered important in western history.) For modern history we might include the Stonewall riots in 1969, the subsequent growth and change in the modern gay rights movement, Harvey Milk and the riots following his murder, the 500,000 people who marched on Washington for Gay and Lesbians Rights in October 1987. (The strait media largely ignored the March, just as they largely ignore local gay-pride marches, and when they do cover the pride marches the only pictures they usually show are of men in drag (7) or some other stereotype their readers or viewers will easily process as 'gay', never mind that virtually all of the people involved in the march dress the same way heteroes going to the park that day would, the public expects drag queens and they mustn't be disappointed or disillusioned. The press also seldom bothers to give any background information on what gay events they do cover to some degree, such as the fact that most gay pride events are scheduled on or around June 26th, the anniversary of the Stonewall Riots in 1969, because it is considered the birth of the present stage in the gay rights movement.)

What you should know.

The first thing those of you who are heterosexual need to know about homosexual and bisexual people is that you don't know anything about us. It is a common occurrence for elected officials, community leaders, and

other individuals in general to express profoundly anti-gay attitudes and opinions while also declaring that they know no homosexual people personally, and nothing about us or this 'lifestyle' they claim we lead and often they declare that they are proud of this ignorance. If you will please stop to think about this for a second you should realize that you can't claim validity for an opinion if you don't know anything about the subject of your opinion. Most people, including gay people, grow up with negative feelings and opinions about homosexuality, this is because we're almost all raised with those negative attitudes and incorporate them subconsciously. This is why most of you heterosexual types feel at least vaguely uneasy if you think about gay sex or affection (or what you think gay sex is). These feelings are thus understandable and not your fault for the most part, however you are not entitled to judge and treat people according to how you feel about them. Your feelings and unsupported opinions do not necessarily reflect objective reality, if we assumed they did we'd immediately run into contradictions because some people feel that homosexuality is evil while others feel that it is perfectly natural and right for them to love someone of their own sex. So is everyone entitled to treat you however they feel like treating you or will you admit that unsubstantiated feelings are not valid epistemological tools?

Second: Around ten percent or more of the general population in this country, and apparently in any country at almost any time, demonstrates its homosexual proclivities to the extent that most people would consider them gay and/or consider themselves gay. Since the Kinsey studies first revealed this in the 50's or early 60's subsequent studies have repeatedly confirmed this; when the L.A. Times conducted a national telephone poll in December of 1985, fully 10% of those who answered the question described themselves as gay; Georgia Tech's human relations department conducted a survey that included a question about sexual orientation which found that 10% of the Tech population surveyed admitted being gay. Ten percent of the population equals 25 MILLION gay Americans. Roughly the same percentage of people are left-handed; there are almost as many gay people as blacks in America, the ratio of gays to Hispanics in this country is about 1.5, there are more than three times as many gays in this country as there are Jews. If you want to consider homosexuality some sort of pastime, it is more commonplace in this country than golfing (5%), bowling (6%), paging (7%), or hunting (6%). Is this sinking in yet? (p.s. You probably do have gay friends whether you know who any of them are or not. If you don't know who they are it might be because 1) it isn't any of your business and they don't owe you an explanation 2) even if they trust you there's a risk of other people finding out from you and harassing them 3) why should they trust you? [i.e. you maybe a wonderful person, hey maybe you're even gay yourself, but have you ever made a homophobic remark or laughed at a joke that is derogatory to gays? Would you come out to someone who acts the way you do?] (6)

Third: Homosexuality involves sexual orientation, not gender role or gender identity (7 again) and it isn't my fault heterosexists usually fail to distinguish between those three and gender. I.e. they think that being a woman, acting 'womanly', considering oneself a woman, and having sexual desire for a man are the same thing when in fact: gender is which sex you are physically(8); gender identity is which sex you consider yourself; sexual orientation (hetero, homo, bi, or none of the above) is whether you are sexually attracted to the opposite, same, both, or neither gender respectively; and gender role is just behaving in ways ('masculine' or 'feminine') that society considers characteristic of one gender or the other. Also, gay people are no more "confused" about their gender or sexuality than heterosexual people (Would anyone be offended if I just said, "grims," instead?), and bisexuals are not confused, wishy-washy, or undecided, we like both that's our 'sexual preference'. (and one does not have to alternate or allways have at least one of each to be bisexual, also bisexual men and women's fidelity ranges over the same scale as heteroes' and homos', there's no law that bis must cheat on a spouse, if you're into monogamy and all it's no harder to forsake all others for one particular man or woman

than it is for a monosexual to forsake the half that are a given gender for that one particular individual.

Notes.

(1) Paraphrased from either 'Out of the Closets' edited by Karla Jay and Allen Young or from 'Homosexual Oppression and Liberation' by Dennis Altman. Probably the later, but I can't find it at the moment.

(2) Phrase or quote taken from the book 'Unnatural Quotations', compiled by Leigh W. Rutledge

(3) Basic statistics: 0.9 chance for each one to be hetero, 0.9 to the seventh power = the probability that all seven happen to be hetero which is the probability that there are no gay Cosby kids equals 0.478, and 1 - 0.478 = 0.52 or 52%, which is the probability that at least one kid in of a randomly selected group of seven is gay or will be when she or he grows up.

(4) i.e. that homosexuality is a disease and/or a choice, that it can and should be 'cured' by therapy' that gays are psychotic or neurotic due to their sexual orientation, that people 'become' gay due to recruiting by homosexuals or fear of the opposite sex, etc. These are all untrue but are still used as justifications for the hatred, harassment, and oppression of gay people and not just in 'somewhere else' but right here throughout this 'free' country. (I'm not being unpatriotic, despite the fact that in practice some other countries better respect the rights of gay people or other minorities it is still true that our government's constitutional framework theoretically* protects the rights of all individuals better than any other ever written. I simply want the U.S. to live up to that promise more instead of just paying it lipservice. *Remember theoretically blacks, women, etc. have had equal rights under the constitution at least since they were admitted to be voting citizens, but in practice...)

(5) They certainly weren't theories since there was never any evidence for them.

(6) Much of the information in the 'second' point, especially comparative statistics I got from the book 'After the Ball'.

(7) Most transvestites are heterosexual, and the vast majority of gay people are not transvestites. Drag is not the same as actual transvestism, but primarily a form of entertainment albeit one which attracts many transvestites and transsexuals (because they are uniquely qualified to do it and it offers a unique opportunity for them to practice some of the skills they need to pass). The functions and significance of drag in gay culture are many and complex; rebellion against heterosexist gender conformity and making fun of the strait world to name two and personally I think that in large part it serves to bring glamour into gay male situations, since the concept of male glamour doesn't seem to exist in American culture. As I said however, it is a form of entertainment, a statement, or a lark not the way most gay men live.

(8) Even physical/biological gender isn't nearly as cut and dried, either/or as most people think. We don't have time to get into all that now, but aside from transsexual surgery some of the reasons for that are: hermaphroditism/psuedohermaphroditism, sex reversal mutations, ambiguous or intermediate gender, and so on. Feel free to look up the information.

Homosexuality is not rare or unusual, ever since the Kinsey studies in the 1950's, survey after survey has shown that 10% or more of the American population is gay (specifically that many will admit to engaging in more than incidental amounts of homosexual sexual activity after adolescence), **10 % equals 25 million Americans**, which is roughly equal to the number of black Americans.

500,000 people marched on Washington for gay rights October 11, 1987 (Probably the largest civil rights demonstration in American history, but it was largely ignored by the mainstream press.)

438,000 = Atlanta's current population according to the Mayor. (Considerably more than 10% of Atlanta's population is gay, I believe ours is the third largest gay community in the country, San Francisco and New York are the only U.S. cities with larger numbers of gay people. Oh yeah, if you're reading this on campus you are essentially in the gay neighborhood', i.e. Midtown, and I can think of at least six gay bars in reasonable walking distance.

415,000 = the number of U.S. troops in the Persian Gulf on January sixteenth, according to the AJ/C. (It's also a little less than 1/60th of twenty five million.) **41,000 to 42,000** = the number of gay U.S. troops in the Persian Gulf as of January sixteenth if around ten percent of them are gay – I believe this is a reasonable minimum estimate since I see no reason to believe that the military can screen out or discourage a significant percentage of gays from enlisting.

10,000 to 12,000 = approximate total population of Tech. **1,500** = total number of participants who attended that Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Studies Conference at Harvard, for which the USC was so reluctant to give us $438.00 to help pay our travel and $20 per person registration fees for five people. **1,000** = approximately 10% of the Tech population. (10% of the Tech population is gay. This isn't my assumption, there was a survey on campus a year or two ago that determined this.) **30** =a reasonable number of people for many classes at Tech. **3** =10% of 30 or the average number of gay people in a class of 30 at Tech.

7% of Americans jog

6% of Americans bowl

5% of Americans golf

0.04 (aka 4%) = the probability that everyone in a randomly selected group of 30 Tech students (like a class) is heterosexual.

A transsexual is someone who wants to change their physiological gender to be the other sex, a transvestite wants to dress like their opposite gender, and neither is an aspect of homosexuality. Homosexuality is affectional and sexual attraction for a member of one's same gender, just like the attraction heterosexuals feel for members of their opposite gender. Most transvestites are heterosexual, I don't know how to categorize the sexuality of a transsexual, and the vast majority of gay people are NOT transvestites or transsexuals.

Most gay people are not child molesters and for that matter, 97% of child molesters are heterosexual men, while only 90% of the general population is predominantly heterosexual. (Before anyone panics, most heterosexuals are not child molesters either).

Guesswork
The Pseudoscience Behind the SAT

By Jeff Cronlchite

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More than two million students take the SAT every year, knowing that it may be the major factor in determining where they go to school. Colleges and scholarship granting agencies nationwide use the test scores to help decide who gets in where and how much money they get, and an entire industry has developed around training students to improve their scores. Why do the SATs have so much clout? For one thing, the SAT is a fairly successful predictor of students' first year college grades. Moreover, the Educational Testing Service (ETS) of the College Entrance Examination Board (CEEB), which administers the SAT, claims that the reason for this prediction value is that the test measures intellectual abilities fundamental to success in college. And students have been conditioned to believe this is true – that the SAT measures how smart you are and, therefore, how well you'll do.

But is the claim true? The answer takes on added importance now, since the ETS announced in October of last year that it plans to make sweeping changes to the SAT, ostensibly so that it will better measure those abilities it is supposed by ETS (and most of the rest of us) to measure. To address the issue of what the SAT measures, it will be helpful to take a look at where it came from-the field of psychometric testing. It is from here that the SAT draws its claims to validity.

The SAT was not invented from scratch. It draws upon ideas and techniques from the same branch of psychology which gave rise to IQ and other mental tests, and is based on the same assumptions about human mental functioning. It is widely believed by psychologists (as is often asserted in introductory texts) to measure the same thing as IQ tests. The definitions usually given by psychologists for "scholastic aptitude" and "intelligence" are identical . What most people don't know is that the origins of these tests were not only unscientific, but also based on a desire to maintain the social order that existed in America in the early 20th century. That social order conferred severe disadvantages to certain groups of people, and the biases that existed against those people were explicitly incorporated into the tests.

Dubious Origins

Psychometric testing in its modem form began with the development of the first intelligence test by Alfred Binet in France in 1905 for the purpose of identifying children who might benefit from remedial instruction in school. The Binet test was translated and imported to the United States several years later, principally by Henry Goddard at the Vineland Training School in New Jersey, Robert Yerkes at Harvard, and Lewis Terman at Stanford. Terman was the author of the now familiar Stanford-Binet IQ test.

It was Goddard who first imported and translated the Binet scale in America. Although his test was derived directly from Binet's, he made radically different assumptions regarding its meaning and interpretation, believing the scores were a measure of a single, innate entity which could be used to rank all people according to intellectual worth. Goddard wrote in 1920, "...our thesis is that the chief determiner of human conduct is a unitary mental process which we call intelligence...this process is conditioned by a nervous mechanism which is inbom..." Goddard used his version of the Binet scale to identify people he labeled as "feeble-minded", with the intent of curtailing their breeding to prevent deterioration of the American stock. Of such breeding he wrote in 1914: "If both parents are feeble-minded all the children will be feeble-minded. It is obvious that such matings should not

be allowed..."

Lewis Terman was the primary popularizer of IQ tests in America, and it was his work that led to their widespread use. The Stanford-Binet IQ test developed by Terman has become the standard against which most other such tests are validated. Some knowledge of Terman's work is therefore important to a general understanding of the progression by which today's tests evolved.

In addition to the original Stanford-Binet, which was administered to individuals one-on-one, Terman also developed a version of the test which could be administered to large numbers of people en masse, paving the way for more widespread testing and the growth of IQ testing into a multi-million dollar industry, He constructed his tests by frst writing questions he believed measured intelligence and administering them to a group of people. The results were then studied to find correlations between success on test questions and various criteria of intellectual success, such as scholastic performance, teacher evaluations, and in the case of adults, educational and occupational level. Thus, for example, if well educated professional people tended to do well on a certain question while poorly educated laborers did poorly on that question, the question was incorporated into the final version of the IQ test. If the opposite occurred, or if no difference was seen among individuals in performance on a question, that question was modified or thrown out. Terman also made sure that each question was well correlated with the other questions on the test. This was done to make the test consistent with Terman's belief that intelligence is a unitary quantity which encompasses many different aspects of mental functioning (in agreement with Goddard). A person with high intelligence should then be good at all tasks embodied by intelligence, with no possibility of being accomplished at some IQ-related tasks but poor at others. Hence, if two questions were well correlated with scholastic performance, but not correlated with one another, they could not both be part of general intelligence. Even on much later versions of the test, this strategy was pursued; in Terman's words (with Merrill), "Tests that had low correlation with the total were dropped even though they were satisfactory in other respects" (Terman and Merrill; 1960, p 33). As for Terman's method of constructing test questions from scratch, this is rather fuzzy. Terman often stated as his theoretical definition of intelligence "the ability to perform abstract reasoning," but never showed how one could rank concepts in terms of "abstractness," or even what criteria could be used to determine which types of reasoning were abstract. How Terman might have used this definition of intelligence to construct test questions is unclear. Questions commonly appearing on Terman's test asked the examinee to identify famous people such a sports heroes, recognize brand names of commercial products, and make value judgements about a given situation. One question on the Stanford-Binet showed the child who was being tested a picture of several human faces and asked, "Which is prettier?" The correct answer is the face having classic white Anglo-Saxon features, while the incorrect answers are those possessing features common to other ethnic groups. Not surprisingly, all of these questions satisfied the correctional criteria of social class, etc. mentioned above.

Once the test questions were fixed and the tests administered to a group of people, Terman arrived at an IQ score from the raw score by dividing by a factor correcting for age (hence the name *intelligence quotient*) and statistically standardizing the scores for the population. The age correction factor was designed to reflect the belief that intelligence is an innately fixed quantity which cannot change as a person grows older; the observed fact that scores tended to increase with age thus necessitated the correction.

Today, with the benefit of hindsight, it is clear to us from IQ test questions constructed by Terman and his contemporaries that they held a view of intelligence strongly connected with their beliefs about class, race, and social standing. It is also clear that these views were closely related to beliefs about social and economic justice. To most psychometricians of the day, IQ was a measure of a person's economic potential. Since intelligence is innately fixed from birth, they believed, and since it is the primary determinant of a person's ultimate success in life, one could conclude that existing inequalities of wealth and social status were due to differences in natural intellectual ability. The poor were those who had fallen to the bottom of social ranks because they lacked the genetic capacity to do better, while the genetically well-endowed naturally rose to the social and economic pinnacle. Moreover, since intellectual ability was an unchangeable quantity, there was nothing that could eliminate existing inequalities. Goddard, speaking before a group of Princeton undergraduates in 1919, stated: "...workmen may have a 10 year intelligence while you have a 20. To demand for him such a home as you have is ... absurd ... How can there be such a thing as social equality with this wide range of mental capacity?" Terman proclaimed that professions of prestige and high income were virtually closed to people with IQs below 100, and hoped that his test would determine the minimum 'intelligence quotient' necessary for success in each leading occupation". He wrote in 1919 that "the feebleminded, in the sense of social incompetents, are by definition a burden rather than an asset, not only economically but still more because of their tendencies to become delinquent or criminal..."

This use of IQ tests to justify the prevailing social order found what was probably its greatest influence in the arena of immigration. Henry Goddard, on the invitation of the United States Public Health Service, administered his battery of tests to newly arrived immigrants on Ellis Island. He dutifully reported that 83% of the Jews, 80% of the Hungarians, 79% of the Italians, and 87% of the Russians were "feeble-minded". This information was later made part of important testimony during the Congressional hearings that led up to the infamous Immigration Act of 1924. So was the work of then Princeton psychology professor Carl Brigham.

Carl Brigham wrote what was then considered a landmark book, *A Study of American Intelligence* (Princeton University Press, 1923). In it he analyzed data compiled on immigrant IQ, and came to essentially the same conclusions as Goddard had earlier, that recent immigrants, particularly those of Alpine and Mediterranean ethnicity, scored far below the American average (and below immigrants of Nordic origin). In an interesting additional analysis, Brigham discovered the "very remarkable fact" that among immigrants IQ was related to years lived in America; those residing 20 years or more were equal in IQ to "native" Americans, while those who had lived here less than five years were feeble-minded. Instead of suspecting that this finding suggested that IQ scores were heavily influenced by exposure to American culture and language, Brigham urged the abandonment of "feeble hypotheses that would make these differences an artifact of the method of examining," and proclaimed, "we are forced to...accept the hypothesis that the curve indicates a gradual deterioration in the class of immigrants...who came to this country in each succeeding five year period since 1902." Continued immigration and racial mongrelization, Brigham argued, raised the specter of decline in the level of American intelligence. "We must face a possibility of racial admixture here that is infinitely worse than that faced by any European country today, for we are incorporating the negro into our racial stock, while all of Europe is comparatively free from this taint..." In the final sentences of the book, Brigham recommends that "Immigration should not only be restrictive but highly selective." And the Immigration Act of 1924 ac-

complished exactly that. Immigration from Eastern and Southern Europe (including Jews attempting to escape Nazi Germany in the 1930s) slowed to a trickle under the law's restrictive quotas. Congressional hearings and debates had continually invoked the immigrant IQ data and Brigham's analysis, to which a parade of American Psychological Association members testified their support.

There is no evidence that the views of Brigham, Goddard, and Terman were in any way iconoclastic in the psychological community. In all the hours of testimony before Congress leading to the 1924 Immigration Act there is not a word uttered by any psychologist to the effect that the immigrant IQ data were being abused or misinterpreted. And Terman was elected president of the American Psychological Association in the year Brigham's book was published. Brigham himself would eventually be elected to the secretaryship of that same body. But his immediate work was pursued as secretary of the College Entrance Examination Board, where he used his expertise in psychometrics to design and develop the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT).

In retrospect, from the standpoint of attitudes that have changed over sixty years, it is obvious that the reasoning behind the tests of Temman, Goddard, and Brigham was full of holes. Without the burden of the biases that blinded the early psychometricians, we can today easily see their errors:

1. Test questions were written without any definition of intelligence to serve as a guide. No theory of intelligence existed, and the tests were never checked to see if what they actually measured corresponded to the definitions of intelligence given by the testers. Hence, there were no constraints to prevent the personal biases of Temman and his contemporaries from affecting the type of test questions they constructed. It is thus no surprise to us that the tests did not measure what the test authors believed was being measured.

2. In attempting to validate the notion that IQ measures intelligence, the testers committed the old error of believing that correlation implies cause. They took correlations between test questions and various criteria such as scholastic performance to be indication that IQ measures the cause of people's performance in the areas covered by the criteria. But it never occurred to them that non-Anglo children might tend to answer wrongly to "Which face is prettier?" and to do poorly in school for completely different reasons.

3. It was assumed that intelligence (as measured by IQ) was an innately fixed, unchangeable quantity, even in the face of evidence which could have been taken to contradict this (e.g., the immigrant IQ data).

These are not the only errors made by the early psychometrists, but they are the ones I consider most important because they are central to the conceptual foundation of mental testing. They also have in common the same underlying flaw, which the early psychometrists fell back on again and again: a faith in assumptions which haven't been verified. Brigham's analysis of the immigrant IQ data exemplifies this flaw. When his data showed a trend which could have challenged his beliefs about IQ and ethnic origin, he invented an interpretation to get around that challenge; since his interpretation hadn't been disproved, he felt free to believe it. I've therefore named this flaw "Brigham's Credo", after the SAT's inventor: "If an assumption hasn't been tested, it must be true". As for the three specific errors that have grown out of Brigham's Credo, I'll call them "Terman's Errors" for future reference.

Modern Testing: If It's Broke, Don't Fix It

IQ and aptitude tests have undergone periodic revisions and rewrites since their flawed beginnings, and modern testing advocates assert that today's tests reflect an

improved understanding of the abilities they attempt to measure. But despite the fact that the most egregiously biased questions have been mostly eliminated (although the 1960 version of the Stanford-Binet retained the "Which face is prettier?" question), **so-called intelligence and aptitude tests, including the SAT, still suffer from all three of the errors (outlined above) that were responsible for the abuses of the earliest tests**. Today's tests may be more acceptable to us because they reflect our modern beliefs about what "aptitude" is, but these beliefs have no greater scientific foundation than did beliefs that were contemporary in the 1920s. It is common to think of our ancestors as foolish and ourselves as enlightened. Of course, the same was true in the 1920s with respect to previous eras. It reflects the prejudice and parochialism of what people think of as "modern times".

Terman's Error Number One. *No theory of "intelligence" or "aptitude" has ever been constructed from which IQ and aptitude test questions can be built and verified.* Even the definition of these concepts is elusive, so much so that the famous psychologist E. G. Boring has even suggested we avoid the dilemma by simply defining intelligence to be whatever IQ tests measure. Many psychometricians wish to avoid Boring's tautology, and attempt hand-waving definitions of aptitude. By far the most common of these is Terman's own – "The ability to do abstract thinking." Test manuals often claim this concept is utilized in the construction of test items. A vocabulary section (which virtually all such tests contain) may thus begin with the explanation that the words are ordered according to increasing verbal abstractness. This point is usually supported with a self-evident example. The word *house*, the example says, is low in its level of abstractness, while *fairness* and *liberty* are highly abstract. Upon closer inspection, however, one does not find the words *fairness* or *liberty* anywhere on the test. Why not? Because these are words which virtually every college age American understands, even those who score very low on aptitude tests. Instead, one finds the test full of words which express simple concepts in obscure terms – words like *redolent*, *veranda*, *talisman*, *contiguous*, and *palisade* [A. Whimbey & L. S. Whimbey, *Intelligence Can Be Taught*, E. P. Dutton,1975]. Serious attempts at ordering ideas in terms of abstractness have led to the conclusion that for the vast majority of concepts there is no objective basis for scaling abstractness [Keith Hayes, *Psychological Reports*, 1962]. This explanation does not provide even a superficially convincing case for what aptitude tests measure.

Terman's First Error contains what is from a scientific perspective an even deeper flaw: no way has been found to verify whether test items measure what they are claimed to measure. Even if a theory adequately describing aptitude did exist, there is still the problem of demonstrating that a test actually measures aptitude. The claims by ETS that various SAT questions measure "mathematical reasoning" or "reading comprehension" have no foundation beyond one's willingness to believe them on the basis of Brigham's Credo. This problem of untestability of the tests by itself renders the claims about what is being measured entirely unscientific.

That point made, I could end the discussion of Terman's first Error here. In a purely scientific forum, I would. But I am often amazed to find that people (including many psychologists) are usually inclined to ignore this flaw and follow Brigham's Credo, accepting the assertion that test questions measure some particular aspect of "aptitude without any evidence whatsoever. People with this bias will often believe any unsupported assumption provided it contributes to the argument that the tests are valid. I am the one who is unreasonable, they argue, for failing to recognize that what is being measured on, for example, the reading comprehension portion of the SAT is "plainly

obvious" from inspection of the questions. Because of the popularity of these kinds of prejudices surrounding aptitude testing, the *de facto* burden of proof lies heavily (and unjustifiably) on those who would criticize the tests.

Which is not to say that such proof doesn't exist. Psychologist Stuart Katz of the University of Georgia in Athens (I know, I know...but he is a very respected researcher) administered reading comprehension questions from the 1983 SAT to a group of 197 college students, none of whom had taken the SAT in 1983 [*Psychological Science*, 3/90]. The reading comprehension portion of the SAT requires the student to answer a group of multiple-choice questions based on information stated or implied in a short passage preceding the questions. In administering the questions, Katz introduced a novel twist: one group of students took the test in the usual way, while a second group was given only the questions to answer, with the reading passages deleted. The results showed that the scores of the students who did not read the passages before answering the questions were much higher than what would be expected from chance alone. Furthermore, the students' scores on Katz's experimental reading comprehension test were strongly correlated with their pre-college SAT scores, regardless of whether or not they were able to read the passages before answering the questions. In other words, the no-passage test is about as effective as the test with passages at assessing which students are likely to do well in college (as predicted by their real SAT scores). Thus, the SAT reading comprehension section does not distinguish between good and poor students based on their ability to extract information by reading passages. When confronted with Katz's data, ETS psychometrist Cathy Wendler argued that this is because the test measures "general verbal reasoning skills" rather than "reading comprehension" or any other specific skill [*Science News*, 3/31/90]. If this is so, one might be inclined to wonder why the passages were ever included in the first place. It is also prudent to ask how the ETS knows this explanation is the correct one. Was a detailed scientific study conducted to arrive at this result, or has ETS resurrected Brigham's Credo? If a study was conducted, it is rather curious that a different ETS official, Irving Broudy, gave a different explanation when confronted with the same date [*Discover*, 8/89]. According to Broudy (who is administrative director at ETS), the test still measures reading comprehension, even without the passages. The students are simply correctly reading and comprehending the questions.

Setting aside the problem of their mutual contradiction, the question remains whether either of these explanations is plausible. To find out, I tried Katz's experiment on myself by trying to answer reading comprehension questions from a previous SAT released by ETS. While doing so, I tried to pay attention to what skills I might be using to answer the questions without the benefit of information from the passages. Although there isn't space here to include a discussion of all the questions I answered, here is an example which I found to be typical:

The "youth market" in our country

A. refers to others besides teenagers
B. refers to adults who act like teenagers
C. is confined to "Beatle-worshippers" and "pop-art" devotees
D. has come into being within the last few years
E. refers to anyone who feels young

Based on my previous knowledge of the phrase "youth market" I immediately eliminated answers B and C as being absurd. Answer D seemed unlikely for the same reason, also my experience with this type of test indicated answers which are in a different category from the others or stand out as different aren't correct (D is the only one that doesn't answer who "youth market" refers to). Answers A and E are similar, but E is a subset of A. I therefore chose

A, which turned out to be correct. From this analysis it seems clear that I used previous knowledge, an understanding of the test- makers' thinking, and finally a little common sense (to choose A over E). Apparently the human mind functions in a more complex way than advocates of the "plainly obvious" view (which clearly includes ETS) would have us believe. But this shouldn't surprise us if we recall that claims about what the test measures were never verified in the first place.

Terman's Error Number Two. *Test makers believe the false assumption that correlation implies cause.* The justification used by ETS for including any individual question is that it correlates with some appropriate criteria. The technical name for this is item analysis, and it is Terman's method unmodified from its first use. Most students have encountered this practice directly; the SAT nearly always contains one "experimental" section which contains questions (items) which are candidates for inclusion on a future test. The decision of whether to include an item depends on how well performance on that item correlates either with students' first year college grades or, what is more often the case, their performance on the current test. Correlations are measured on a scale from zero to one, with zero representing no prediction value and one representing perfect prediction. On this scale the correlations with college grades are .35 for SAT-math, .40 for SAT-verbal (according to ETS; independent reviewers have reported simple arithmetic errors by ETS which make the figures inflated [W. V. Slack and D. Porter, *Harvard Ed. Rev.*, 1980]), and .52 for high school grades. But the assumption that this says anything about *why* the SAT is so correlated is a classic, even cliche, error. We saw earlier that the Stanford-Binet contained items which correlated with school performance but were absurd as measures of its cause. Most people can probably think of trends in their own experience which are correlated but causally unrelated (e.g., my age and the price of a six pack – both increasing).

As in the case of Terman's First Error, my experience has been that people are often inclined to ignore the flaw of the correlation-and-cause error, preferring to maintain their pro-test biases. Comments like the following, from psychologist Aurthur Whimbey, are common: "...scores on the Stanford-Binet correlate as highly with the SAT as they do with any other traditional IQ test, indicating that all such tests measure basically the same mental abilities." ETS states that a correlation coefficient is "generally the most accepted" way to "describe how closely what the test giver wants to know corresponds to what is actually measured." Obviously, an example is once again in order. Consider the correlation between a person's childhood IQ and adult socioeconomic status (SES), which is as high as .85 according to some studies. Psychologists have long taken this to indicate that IQ is a major cause of success in life. But it was shown in 1974 that when one considers only persons of similar childhood family income, the IQSES correlation all but disappears [S. Bowles and V. Nelson, *Reviews of Economics and Statistics*, vol. 56, p 39]. Conversely, the correlation between childhood family income and adult SES remains high even when one considers people of similar IQ. In other words, childhood IQ predicts adult SES only because it is a rough measure of childhood family income; when it fails in that respect, it also fails to predict adult SES. As geneticist R. C. Lewontin has quipped, "If IQ tests do measure intrinsic intelligence as is claimed, then clearly it is better to be born rich than smart." Could a similar case be made concerning the SAT's ability to predict first-year college grades? To find out, a similar statistical manipulation could be performed for family income and all of the other myriad characteristics one might imagine. Of course, for those who accept Brigham's Credo, the SAT-grade correlation can be taken as an indicator of causation without any such test.

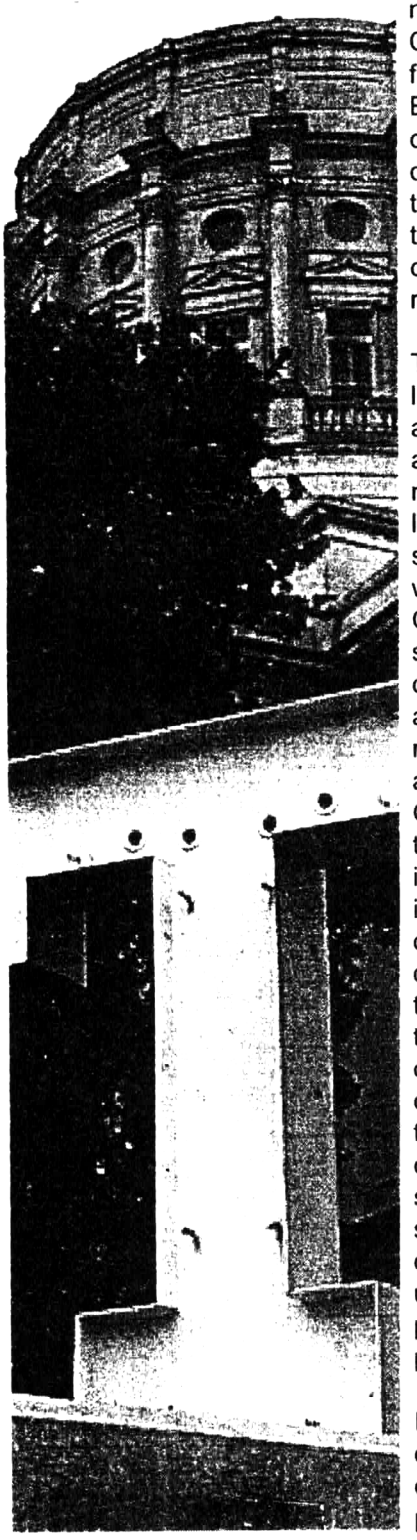
While correlation does not imply cause, lack of correlation does imply lack of cause. It is therefore informative to look at some things with which SAT scores do not correlate. Numerous studies have shown that college students' SAT scores do not show any consistent correlation with their *actual accomplishments* in social leadership, the arts, science, music, writing, and speech and drama [e.g., Holland and Richards, 1965, and Elton and Shevel, 1969; Research Report nos. 1 and 2; Iowa City: American College Testing Program]. Not even a small tendency exists for better-scoring students to outdistance poorer ones in the "real world". The same has been shown to be true for college grades, even in the case of highly "intellectual" careers such as scientific researcher [Taylor et al., in Scientific Creativity, ed. Taylor and Barron, 1963]. One might wonder based on this why colleges have any interest in freshman grades, let alone SAT scores that are supposed to predict them. Apparently, the interest shown in correlations by ETS, the College Entrance Examination Board (which created the ETS), and college admissions officers has its limits.

Terman's Error Number Three. *It is assumed that the tests measure something unchangeable, even in the face of contrary evidence.* ETS has long claimed in its information booklets that coaching or drilling for the SAT does not significantly increase one's scores. ETS has, in fact, conducted studies which tried to improve students' scores through special training and failed to do so. But this does not indicate that there is no way that any training course can improve test scores. Many studies have shown, from the 1930s on, that various approaches can improve IQ and other aptitude scores in children and adults. In 1965, Joseph Marron conducted a study to determine whether full-time preparatory schools that train students for the SAT actually get results. Marron pointed out that the coaching programs evaluated by ETS and the College Entrance Examination Board (CEFB) had been limited to one or two hours of practice per week over several months. He studied the scores of students attending ten SAT prep schools across the country which gave intensive training for roughly six months. The results showed that student's SAT scores improved significantly, averaging 136 points higher than they had been before the training. One might think that ETS and the CEEB would, based on these results, recommend that colleges adopt programs for incoming freshmen to raise *all* students' scores (and therefore, presumably, their college grades). Instead, both organizations continued over the next 20 years to assert that scores could not be significantly affected by such coaching, only dropping this claim a few years ago following widespread publicity surrounding the score-raising successes of high-priced prep programs such as the Princeton Review. The testing organizations cannot claim ignorance of the 1965 results; it was the CEEB that funded Marron's study. Thus, we finally witness the abandonment of Brigham's Credo, but only in favor of the new policy, "ETS's Credo": "Even if an assumption has been tested, and proven wrong, it still must be true." (For details of the scandalous suppression by the CEEB and ETS of the large body of evidence about coaching, see chapter 6 of David Owen's book *None of the Above*).

Like the other two of Terman's Errors, the belief in unchangeability of test scores is both widespread and hard to challenge. I have often read published research papers in which-the authors show a preference for "genetic" explanations of human mental traits without substantive evidence. The authors of a widely publicized study from the early 1980s purporting to find a difference in men's and women's average mathematical SAT scores, for example, came down on the side of inborn differences as thc cause, with the justification that no other explanation could account for such a large difference. The difference of which they wrote was smaller than

the improvements seen in Marron's 1965 study, among others.

Despite the blatant lack of scientific merit of the SAT and other aptitude tests, their use has persisted because the unfounded beliefs about what they measure have flourished. Why has this happened? While ETS and the CEEB certainly bear some responsibility for promoting such beliefs (partly through deceitful misrepresentation of evidence), it is my opinion that we, the test-taking public, are very much to blame forour eagerness to accept them without explicit just)fication, and even to go out of our way to avoid any evidence which does call them into question. When I counter people's belief in the unchangeability of aptitude test scores by telling them of Marron's data, I often hear something like, "Well perhaps one can raise scores by 136 points, and this is certainly significant, but I would still think that really large gains, say 300-400 points, are not possible." But this is an entirely arbitrary assumption. Why choose to believe it? "You are biased," I say, and point out that the Milwaukee Project did achieve equivalent gains in poverty children (average IQs went from 94 to 124). But this simply elicits a new round of inventive assumptions. It is the same technique used by ETS in response to Katz's reading comprehension study: if the results don't suit you, simply concoct a reason for them to not matter. Given Brigham's Credo, this method will fly just fine. Most of us (excluding ETS, I think) do this not because of ill intentions, but because what is really bias often comes disguised as intuitive Truth, so obvious and clear that to question it at all may seem absurd.



The existence of these popular biases puts a limit on the ability of science to debunk aptitude testing myths. No matter what research results like those of Marron or Katz show, true believers can always fall back on Brigham's Credo, inventing arbitrary assumptions to explain the evidence away. Often the results are simply ignored. Does this mean the tests will never go away? Perhaps not. Terman, Goddard, and Brigham all ultimately renounced their racist, hereditarian views about intelligence. But they did not do so in response to new evidence. It was only during a time when such views began to fall out of fashion in academic circles that they recanted. Likewise, the aptitude testing morass in today's society is not likely to change significantly unless we as a society can part with the underlying biases that allowed us to become seduced by psychometrics in the first place.

In the next issue, I'll deal with questions raised in critiques of this article, including the problem of what should replace the SAT.

Techwood Diary

By Torrence N. Fike

(First Printed June 1991, Issue #13)

The Techwood Diary is my experience in the Techwood projects translated to paper. I use the word Techwood to refer to the Techwood, Clark-Howell, and Herndon Homes projects collectively. I think this is a fair consolidation, since it's difficult for the unfamiliar traveler to tell when he has left one and entered another. The projects are right on our doorstep, yet all many Tech students know about them is their intrinsic danger to the unarmed. This idea is somewhat accurate, but there is much more to learn once you cross the boundary.

I hope you'll cross the boundary with me in the safety of your living-room. Maybe you'll learn something. Maybe it will raise you a little bit above the pseudo-reality of campus life. At worst, maybe you'll pick up some survival tips for when your car breaks down on Luckie Street someday.

Forward to The Miami Red Story

The setting is the Techwood projects. The Techwood Projects were the first government housing projects in the country, constructed by the WPA in 1939. The projects are located across the street from Georgia Tech. In fact, Techwood dorm is actually on the same side of the street as the projects. Every couple years a Georgia Tech student is shot in this general vicinity. In the words of City Councilman Michael Lomax, the residents of Techwood dorm are "lulled to sleep at night by the sounds of automatic gunfire." In the heart of this community is a little library, called Anne Wallace. It is a branch of the Fulton County Library System. This is where I go to tutor children from the area. Besides this, I also administer their IBM PC clone. I was on my way to the library on Thursday, February 22, 1990, to install some new software I wrote for their computer. My trip to the library turned out to be more eventful than I had anticipated.

The quotes in The Miami Red Story are close paraphrases of what was actually said. Since this story was recorded after the fact, some details were lost. The essence has been preserved, though. I have attempted to reproduce the Techwood dialect in Miami Red's quotes. This may be distracting at first, but adds a picturesque local flavor.

The Miami Red Story

It was about 1:00 pm, on a mild February day, and I was heading towards the The Anne Wallace Library in the Techwood projects. I was going a couple hours earlier than usual because I wanted to work on the computer before the kids got out of school. I normally tutor, but ever since the library received a computer, I have also been the volunteer system administrator. When I say system administrator, I mean that I wrote a menu-program that allows the kids to run programs easily. If I was still working on it after school let out, I knew there would be melancholy nine-year-olds waiting to play Sticky Bear Reading. If all went well there would be no interruption of their computer time.

To get to the library I take Techwood drive, which passes through campus and into the projects. The first light I come to after North avenue is Merritts street, and taking a right turn there brings me directly to the library parking lot. On this particular day, I caught the green light at Merritts, and was in the midst of my right turn when a group of men started to cross the street. This forced

me to stop in mid right turn to allow them to pass. As the last man got across the street, he looked up at me. I looked back at him, and upon eye contact, he started walking towards my car. I have had many dealings with street people (and this he looked like) and am always interested in what they have to say. This guy looked like he had something to tell me, so I began to roll down my window. When he got up to the passenger door, instead of talking to me through my window, he jumped in the car and said, "Drive!" I drove. After a few seconds silence, I asked, "What do you want?" He replied, "What d' ya mean, 'What d' ya want?,' don't y' want sum reefer?" I answered, "No I don't want any reefer." He then asked with surprise, "Man, don t'y git hagh?" I said, "No I don't get high." He seemed disgusted by my answer. After a few moments of silence I began to get nervous. I asked, "What is your name?" He said, "Mah name's Miami Red. What's yours?" I told him, "My name is Torrey." He said, "Well look Tahrry, I'm gonna call ya T. T, take me t'da sto'." I said, "I can't take you to the store Miami Red, I've got to go to the library." More militantly he commanded, "Take me t' th' sto'!" By this time we were at the library parking lot.

There was one spot left, but it was very narrow. As I was attempting to maneuver into it he kept commanding me in progressively more militant tones to take him to the store. I was getting very nervous, and as I was trying to park, I was watching Miami Red at the same time. Before I knew it, I bumped into the car next to me. Luckily I was going so slow that it didn't hurt either of our cars, but after impact, Miami Red cried, "Yo' a crazy whiaht boy! Yo' a crazy whiaht boy!" After this I was so unnerved that I backed up my car and said, "Okay, I'll take you to the store." So he began guiding me deeper and deeper into the projects.

> Man, de hole projecs have seen me wid you. Man yo' inshured. a know what Ahm sayin' man, yo' inshured.

At this point, I could tell that he felt he was in control. As we were driving along, for no apparent reason, he said, "Man, Ah hate dose Chinks man. Ah was in Vietnam, an' Ah hate dose Chinks." In a desperate attempt to make conversation, I asked, "So you dislike Oriental people because of your Vietnam experience?" He replied, "Hey man, dat's mah bizniz man, don mess wid it!" I dropped the subject immediately. After a few minutes, and Miami's continuous under-the-breath mumbling as to how I was a crazy white boy, he said, "Pull ovah." I assumed we had arrived at the store. It's hard to tell the stores from the homes in this area because they are all identical square brick buildings. He pulled out a cigarette, tore off the filter, and lit it up. I waved my no smoking rule, not so much for his present comfort as for my future health. He turned his body so that he was sitting with the passenger door as his backrest, and began his psychopathic tirade.

"Look T, ya dun me a fava. Ahm indetted to ya man. Ya kno' whaht Ahm sayin' man? Look, ya dun me a fava. I owe ya man. Look, Ah can help ya. Ya can do me a fava, man. I got a job fo' ya. You can make sum money. Do ya kno' what I'm sayin' man!? Look, I owe ya man!"

"Man, you saw that poleece car by the libr'ry. The poleece see me wid mah friends, an win mah friens murder sumbody, they associate me wid it. But. man, I don't kill sumone unless Ah got a probl'm with 'em. Ya know what Ah mean!?"

Essentially this was a monologue. A few times he seemed to want a response to make sure I

was with him, but he was talking at me, not to me. At this point I must confess that I was terrified. I thought this guy was going to kill me. Why didn't I get out of my car and run? I don't know. I think part of me was frozen in fear and a another part wanted to ride this thing out.

Miami Red went on, "Man, Ah got all these plates in mah body. Do ya wanna see mah gun?" He started to reach into his seven or eight layers of clothes. I'm not sure why, but these guys always have seven or eight layers of clothes. I quickly interjected, "No, I don't want to see your gun." He then withdrew his hand, but continued to rant. I really thought I was going to die, and this scared me. I would later be ashamed of this. As a Christian, I didn't think I feared death. I guess a weak defense for my feelings would be that I didn't fear death in it's absolute sense, I just didn't want to go today. The thought of never seeing my family and friends again weighed heavy on me. It's so human to go to church and praise God for his omnipotence and absolute sovereignty, and then in a trying situation deny His power to protect. Could Miami Red be a bigger problem than speaking the universe into existence. I, of course, waxed this philosophical after the fact.

After he had ranted for a few more minutes, he said, "Take me back to the libr'ry." I'm not sure what prompted this, but I was happy to comply. As we were driving back he said, "Man, de hole projecs have seen me wid you. Man yo' inshured. Ya know what Ahm sayin' man, yo' inshured." I replied, "I really appreciate that." He said, "What chu mean yu 'preciate it? Man, you don' kno' what Ahm sayin' man!" I guess I have no idea what he was saying, but never the less, we were arriving at the library, and my saga was soon to end.

When we arrived at the library, he came over to my side of the car and asked if he could have five dollars. Usually I carry no money or credit cards into the projects, but I was slack today and had six bucks on me. He was just asking, but I was intimidated, and I wanted this guy to leave, so I opened my wallet and handed him the five. He saw the one and demanded that, so I gave it to him. He then walked off. Just before he blended into the woodwork I heard him say, "Nex' time yur in de projecs, y' come t' that corna an axe fo' me. Evrybady knos Miami Red."

Nex' time yur in de projecs, y' come t' that corna an axe fo' me. Evrybady knos Miami Red

I was really shaken up by this experience. I had been pretty presumptuous when I entered the projects, thinking I was invincible. I learned a valuable object lesson that day. I learned that I shouldn't test God, so I now I lock my doors and avoid eye contact with street ruffians. I faced death, and in a way I lost by fearing it. I'll be ready next time, though, and hopefully next time the occasion will come about under more noble circumstances, and not because I lack street smarts.

This isn't a quote from the story, but just a way to kill this little bit of wasted space. We could put a small ad here, if we took ads. We could put a comic strip here, if we had comics. Instead, I'm just rambling on. Submit to NAR and stop the madness.

North Ave. **10 YEARS** Review

Three Cheers for...Reagan?
The Triumphs of the Conservative Revolution

By Joseph M. Stallings

(First Printed Summer 1991, Issue #14)

August 1991 marked the ten-year anniversary of the monumental federal tax cut of 1981 which triggered what we now know as the "Reagan Revolution." And oh, how quickly time changes things. In 1984, Americans returned the "greatest president of the 20th century" to the White House with a sweeping mandate. And yet even as early as Reagan's second term in office, many Americans were redefining their terms. Today, as the proverbial cock crows three times, is American denying the very figure it idolized not six years ago? Was America in the 1980's, as one Reagan biographer quipped, "sleepwalking through history?" Or is there something that, perhaps, we are overlooking?

"The ordinary leader is satisfied with ameliorating the environment, not transforming it; a statesman must be a visionary and an educator."
Kissinger

If leadership were judged wholly upon tangible merits, history would be written very differently indeed. Many times, it is the personal characteristics of a leader, more so than his or her particular policies or executive decisions, that will ultimately determine whether that leader is a success or a failure. For it was John F. Kennedy's ability to raise the hopes (and fears) of a nation – not a sparse, mediocre record on foreign and domestic policy – that generated and has enhanced the mystique and majesty of the Camelot legacy. Likewise, Soviet dictator Josef Stalin, whose ironfisted totalitarianism bore down hard upon the proletariat, was nonetheless hailed as one of the Soviet Union's "great comrades", to where even today, a handful of Soviet citizens (and not just communist elites, mind you) still embrace neo-Stalinism, despite the regime's bloody "Reign of Terror."

On the other hand, Woodrow Wilson was the definitive strategist. Cold, analytical, and brilliant, his achievements in foreign policy, many argue, are what posited the United States for the global leadership it would enjoy in the post-World War II era. Yet what will always be remembered of Wilson will not be his policy victories, but instead his political shortcomings – and his personality shortcomings. The cult of personality prevails.

Is personality, then, always preferable to policy? Not necessarily. President Franklin Roosevelt's ability to the pull the nation out of a global depression, and to wage and win a war, certainly had as much to do with the confidence Americans had in his persona as in his policy decisions. Conversely, it was only through Lyndon Johnson's firm grasp upon the mechanisms of congressional bureaucracy – and not some incredible ability to "rally the nation" – that led to the passage of the most exhaustive set of domestic welfare programs since the New Deal (ironically, a task that Kennedy – the master of rhetoric – found insurmountable).

Of course, some periods of American history are naturally more inclined to embrace this kind of vigorous, outspoken, personality-driven leadership. These are the times of war and military conflict, rampant inflation and unemployment, social inequality, crime, and so on. In the past 20 to 25 years, these periods have been accentuated by bleak political and economic uncertainty. Such a year was 1980.

1980 was a year marked by severe American negativism and pessimism about both itself and the world around it. Fifty-two Americans were being held hostage in the previously little heard-of country of Iran in a crisis that was as embarrassing as it was relentless. Back at home, the American economy was described by mammoth inflation and unemployment. There were grave uncertainties about

America's ability to procure energy resources, as OPEC strangled the world oil market. And the Soviet Union, after a period of remarkable cooperation and détente, was up to its old tricks again, sending tanks across the border and into Afghanistan (subsequently prompting the discouraging withdrawal of American athletes from the 1980 Olympic games). For those who needed more, the bitter memories of the Vietnam quagmire and the Watergate scandal fit the bill, and further enhanced what history would later term the crisis of confidence. Enter Ronald Reagan.

Now, don't get me wrong – if Ronald Reagan were able to run for president again, I would not vote for him. While I (like countless other Americans) must ultimately succumb to the Great Communicator's warm charm, affability, and happy-go-lucky persona, I (again, like many other Americans) sharply disagree with his policies. To be sure, the United States will be paying for his fiscal policies for a long, long lime. Supply-side economics (voodoo economics/ Reaganomics) was a colossal miscalculation. At the same time, his "get-tough with the Soviets" rhetoric apparently did more to accelerate the "nuclear scare" and justify his defense expenditures than to alter the real East –West balance of power. And yet despite the administration's long list of policy non-achievements, there was something quite different about this "Reagan Revolution"; something unusual, unique...indeed something quite wonderful.

Intelligencia disagrees. For instance, economists are still trying to figure out how a man who has apparently wrought so much long-term damage upon the American economy could have been so overwhelmingly popular among his subjects (including, among others, a substantial portion of those who carried the brunt of Reaganomics – the middle class). Likewise, foreign policy analysts continue to marvel at how the Reagan administration, which could count its foreign policy victories on a few fingers, could so drastically improve America's stature in the international community.

Political scientists, too, are perplexed. In 1980, Ronald Reagan promised to undo what he called the "failed policies of the past." And yet history will inevitably show that the record of his predecessor, President Jimmy Carter (a splendidly misunderstood figure in his own right) far outdoes Reagan's record in both foreign *and* domestic policy. Go figure.

But unlike Carter, and Nixon, Reagan did not hold the belief that the United Slates had entered upon a period of irreversible decline. Reagan was intolerant of those who viewed the future of America with pessimism and cynicism. He bought into the argument of "the future is what we make it" – and clearly rejected those who prophesied that America was fast approaching the "beginning of the end." Whether or not Reagan was or is correct for believing this is unimportant. What is important, then, is that the White House *believed* in (or at least gave that impression) America's future. The public caught on, and the crisis of confidence was soon over.

This was the great achievement of the Reagan Revolution – a revival of "feel good about America" sentiment. No economic policy, no foreign policy, indeed, *not any* policy could have been more appropriate for 1980's America. For if America's malady was negativism and disappointment, a rejuvenation of national sentiment – more so than any single policy decision – was the perfect prescription.

Reagan's strengths, of course, were like Kennedy's: personality and image – not policy. Reagan had little grasp on substance, and yet complete grasp on style; it was like watching a movie that made you happy, sad, and angry all at he same time, and yet at the end of the day you would find yourself wondering: *"What was the name of that movie...?"* Reagan could not produce the sweeping legislative victories of a Lyndon Johnson (the 1981 lax CUI notwith-

standing, if you consider that a victory), nor could he score big in foreign policy like Nixon. But what Reagan could do – unlike Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter – was to give America just what it needed: determined leadership, a clear and direct agenda, optimism about the future, and a revival of national pride.

As the evidence of America's decline becomes more visible, the Reagan Revolution becomes more and more significant. Even the so-called "revivalists" (who believe America's decline is not acute) admit that the United Stales will never again enjoy the share of real power that it did when it was the globe's lone hegemon in the early post-war years. And yet today, we have at least a significant portion of faith in our nation and its ability to adjust for the future. Certainly, the panic and uncertainty of the 70's have been scrapped in favor of determination and purpose for the 90's and beyond. Are "three cheers" for Reagan now in order?

Whether or not the United States was really "better off" in the 1980's than in the previous decade is irrelevant. Reaganite America, much like the man himself, at least gave the *impression* of being a winner. And don't be too quick to reject the importance of impressions and perceptions in politics. National confidence was very crucial for America in the 80's. Indeed, it is still important for America in the 90's. If America is to reverse (or at least make more smooth) its would-be decline, confidence – which ultimately leads to resolve and conviction – is everything (the Persian Gulf War, no matter if you supported it – is a brilliant case in point). And confidence is precisely what the Reagan Revolution gave America – nothing more, nothing less. Now we can get on with executing foreign and domestic policy from a position of strength...instead of weakness.

Finally, it may be interesting to examine the more subtle underpinnings of the Reagan Revolution, such as its effect on social and individual attitudes (or, if you like, the conservative reaction). If, as Leslie Gelb has said, Reagan was the "embodiment of twentieth-century America", so too are we the embodiment of Reaganite conservatism. The Reagan Revolution pervaded society even on a personal, intimate, level to where today, America continues to be, by and large, a society which embraces the conservative ideology.

For liberals, this could have been disastrous. Granted, conservatism, when not taken in moderation, can be dangerous. The memories of Falwell and Helms, certainly, are a chilling reminder of extremism. But today, radical conservatism is a social and political faux de pas. The Falwell's and the Helms's eventually discredited themselves and subsequently quelled that movement. Today there is a "New Conservatism" – not necessarily premised upon the sanctity of life and morality, but rather a loose value system based upon pragmatism and realism. It is not a system described by social conformity, but rather a broad (and much-needed) social consensus.

For the individual, the conservative revolution spawned an increased emphasis upon the value of (or at least the role in society of) things such as life, death, the family, sex, marriage, war, money, religion, and so on. Apparently, America has returned to the more "traditional" values of Americanism; i.e. thrift, patriotism, and individual enterprise. When we look back at the past – and think about the future – we must inevitably consider these "new" values and the machine that generated them, the Reagan Revolution. Think about these values carefully. Think about how it feels to be an American in 1991. And then consider the Reagan Revolution itself. Finally, ask yourself:

"Was it really such a bad thing?"

Comforting Censorship and The Military Posse

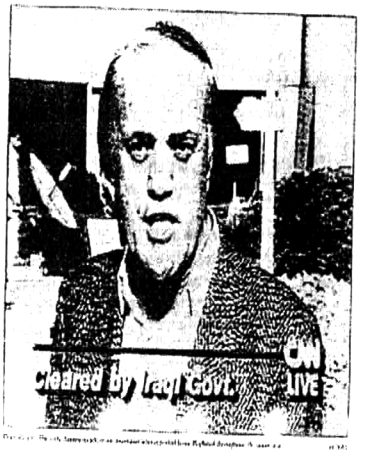
By Ed "Catfish" Gibbs

(First Printed June 1992, Issue #16)

War, invasions are big news. Splashed across the airwaves it becomes literally the new national pastime. The press restrictions of the recent Gulf War are now a year old and mostly forgotten. Still the complacency of our traditionally 'feisty' and supposedly 'liberal' press in accepting government restrictions raises many doubts about the press's true freedom.

The willingness to accept blatant censorship from the Pentagon is frightening. Acceptance of the censor implies that the media have become merely agents of propaganda. The public's willing support of this for the most part suggests that they have become a complacent school of fish confined to a dark Orwellian Sea.

Only a few voices made themselves heard in opposition to press restrictions. Respected elder journalist, Walter Cronkite was in the minority when he complained that "with an arrogance foreign to the democratic system, the US military in Saudi Arabia is trampling on the American people's right to know."[1] The vast majority of the media simply went along with the restrictions. Indeed when some liberal/left publications such Mother Jones, L.A. Weekly, The Village Voice, and Harper's were excluded from the pool system the more established media ignored them even after a lawsuit was filed claiming that the pool system was a sure violation of the first amendment. As Sydney Schanberg, one of the writers banned by the Pentagon, states that "the suit is about prior restraint of information, a constitutional issue that normally sets the television networks and leading newspapers into instant legal mo-



tion."[2] They never moved.

CNN was the freest of any media covering the War although they were careful to point out that reports from Baghdad were censored and overseen by Iraqi officials. For some reason pool news reporters in Saudi Arabia didn't see any reason to put "Censored by the Pentagon" before their reports. Still even CNN's cautious coverage was denounced by Senator Alan Simpson who called Peter Arnett a traitor who spewed forth propaganda for Iraq. CNN should be applauded for refusing to knuckle under to the pack mentality of the other networks who where quite willing to be shepherded by the Pentagon.

This surprising acceptance of pure censorship lead to a general lack of responsible war coverage. Small items of no danger to national security were censored. Reports of fighter pilots watching X-rated movies or the description of returning pilots as "giddy' didn't clear the military officials/censors. Photographs of casualties returning to the US were banned. Those who didn't comply with the pool system could be forced to as in the case of "a French TV crew forced at gunpoint to turn over to Marines footage of soldiers wounded at the battle of Khafji."[3] Obviously this kind of censorship smacks of a totalitarian regime like Iraq and not the "world's greatest democracy."

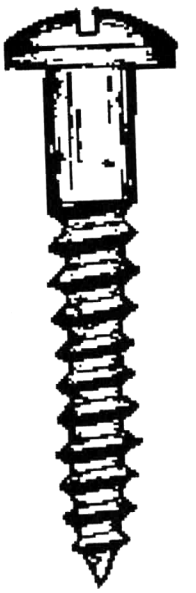
The evidence points to a press which is not truly free, but very much part of a state propaganda department. The press has become so reliant on the government for information, that when asked to submit to official censorship, they almost eagerly tape their mouths shut. The case of the pool system suggests that the

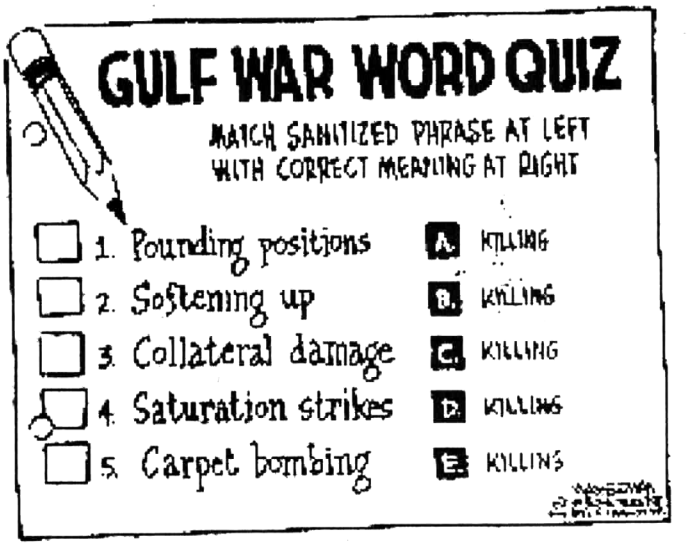
media should be looked at as closely following the propaganda model as developed by Noam Chomsky, Edward S. Herman, Michael Parenti, and others. Under these models the press claims to be free and no official censors are present yet they usually follow the lead of the government and conduct self censorship by leaving out stories that would harm advertisers or government officials upon who they rely for information. By claiming to be unbiased the media can have much more impact than any obvious propaganda system. The accepted censorship of the Gulf War suggests that press is no longer free to ignore the wishes of our own government. The media can and have become merely propagandists.

"Liberty is always dangerous, but it is the safest thing we have"
-Harry Emerson Fosdick

In conclusion little has changed. Iraq is still in shambles under Saddam Hussein. Israel has been pressured to the peace table, but Israeli leaders see little reason to give the Palestinians the West Bank, probably because their aren't 500,000 US Troops sitting on the Jordanian border. The Pentagon has refused to give a death toll for the war seemingly because Iraqi casualties are unimportant.[4] And still the networks and newspapers go about their work blindly convinced that the public has faith in them.

1. WalterCronkite, "What Is There to Hide?" *Newsweek*. Feb 25, 1991.
2. Sydeney H. Schanberg, 'A Muzzle for the Press" *Washington Journalism Review*. March l991.
3. Jim Naureckas, "Spin Control through Censorship: The Pentagon Manages the News" *Extra!* May l991.
4. A report which is as yet unsubstantiated claims that total civilian casualties in the Gulf War were 158,000 and that this number was acquired from an Internal Pentagon report. The Pentagon employee releasing this information has been fired. The 158,000 figure with 39,612 women and 32,195 children came from an Italian monthly magazine, *Panorama Difesa*. May 1992.





The "New" Feminism

By Andrea Kluge

(First Printed March 1993, Issue #18)

The "new" feminism is here. Or so scores of newspapers and magazines proclaim. Angered by the Clarence Thomas encroachments on reproductive freedoms, persuaded by the logic of Susan Faludi's *Backlash* and Naomi Wolf's *The Beauty Myth* - both depicting men as conscious conspirators in the continued oppression of women - women of the twentysomething generation have taken up the feminist battle cry. A few years ago the "f" word was a term with which few college women identified, professing one's feminism a surefire formula, I'm told, of dateless weekends ahead. Today a growing pool of young women call themselves feminists with pride. And on the surface that's a good thing.

I remember when six and a half years ago I heard Elizabeth Fox-Genovese's debut performance as the director of women's studies at Emory. The days of bra-burning feminism were over, she told us. The militant feminism of yesteryears could be cast aside without grief. The "new" feminism invited inclusiveness; it allowed women to love men, enjoy sex, shave their legs, get manicures, wear perfume, make cookies and, yes, still call themselves feminists. I found these words of wisdom comforting. But they also left me floundering. Arriving at the talk seeking an ideological anchor, I left uncertain. So I was a feminist after all. But what, exactly, did that mean? And why did I have the sneaking suspicion that my convictions and those of other women in the room, all of us now happily sporting the "good feminist" label, could be diametrically opposed ? And in the end, did this matter? Fox-Genovese's demystification of feminism - destroying the pathological caricatures of feminists as fire-breathing man-haters while extolling its value to women of all backgrounds - was a useful exercise. But from the vantage point of 1993, I worry that an unintended consequence of the inclusiveness of the "new" feminism which has brought it to the masses (a Cartesian "I'm angry at hat happened to Anita Hill therefore I must be a feminist"), has been the dilution of the meaning of the term and, by extension its value to the American women. I worry that converts to the "new feminism" rely on the ideology as a social crutch, not a call to political action. Smothered by the rhetoric of passivity, the fail to acknowledge the practical import of a potent message. Yes, women are victims. And the acknowledgment of that should evoke anger. But unchanneled outrage can lock women into a complacent stance: men-are-scum-and-I'm-helpless-to-do-anything-about-it ad nauseam.

While finding most of Camille Paglia's recent highly publicized *Sex, Art, and American Culture* too horrifying to recount here (that Paglia calls herself an anti-feminist feminist with conviction only underscores the absence of a central canon under girding the 1990s feminist incarnation), I find myself curiously persuaded by her assertion that the f-word has evolved into a convenient justification for a female psychology rooted in blame. Women fault the world instead of trying to transform it. They concede defeat before they've begun to fight. Appropriating whatever tidbits of feminism strike a responsive chord on an immediately personal level, they hide under a cloak of victimization rather than harnessing feminism as a springboard to collective empowerment. In crafting a generic gumby-doll feminism that can be twisted to serve the interests of any American women, we've implicitly encouraged women to think of feminism as a self-serving philosophy. It's no longer a concern with the plight of one's sister, but an individualistic redressment of the plight of one's self. (A point, I should add, that Fox-Genovese herself has emphasized in her latest work, *Feminism Without Illusions*.)

The multiculturalism wars that have erupted on college campuses across the country have, alas, only muddied the murky waters

further. A celebration of diversity illuminates the importance of difference. Over and above the issue of gender, women's experiences have always been circumscribed by race, region, religion, and class. And the bonds of womanhood? The annals of history aren't particularly reassuring on this front. Alliances in which commitments to other women transcend cultural constraints have been the historical exception, not the rule. Today, women taught that there's no such thing as a universal women's history find the notion of a common sisterhood; worth fighting for vaguely ridiculous. Once again, feminism adopts elastic properties, becoming whatever personal meaning one cares to give it.

As a historian, I'm the first to concede the lack of universals governing women's past experiences, the first to lament the improbability of a single feminist agenda emerging in the future. But are there problems that envelop the female community, broadly defined, that demand attention and commitment? Absolutely. *The Way We Never Were: American Families and the Nostalgic Trip*, Stephanie Coontz's new work on American families reveals some startling figures. Our rape rate in the United States is seven times higher than Europe's. Women, keep a watchful eye on your peers. Statistically speaking, chances are that in a group of four, one of you will be raped. And if rape statistics frighten you into domestic retreat, think again. According to the Surgeon General, "The home is actually a more dangerous place for American women than the streets." Every day, four women are killed by their male partners. More women were abused by their husbands in 1989 than got married in the same period.

It's not an uplifting image, but it's one that women can try to change - not by accepting the societal boundaries of a violent world in which women are too frequently its victims, but by challenging them. I applaud the way in which young women have responded to gender injustices with passion and despair. It's an important first step. I hope it's not the last. Feminists like myself of the almost thirtysomething generation have much to learn from the younger guard, but also much to share. Let the "new" feminism encompass more than angry reaction; let it also engage the hopeful possibility of reform and reconstruction.

Letter to the Editor

(First Printed March 1993, Issue #18)

Sigh, two years at Georgia Tech and I am finally back home with the screaming and shouting and the cars passing under my window at four O'clock every morning with the gunning engines and exhaust choking me as I turn under the covers for the fifteenth time in twenty minutes. Two Thanksgivings in Atlanta, two summers spent running up and down the coast like a maniac, and now I am staring out of a thirteen year window in southern Pennsylvania. This letter then, is about going back. It is about coming out of the collegiate 'white room' and looking around. It is about waking up after a two year nap and wondering what the hell happened

I spend most of my spare time in the guise of one of those offbeat Tech English majors. My spare spare time is spent either in my room or down around Peachtree St. sitting outside Frijoleros with Morrisey and a pair of earphones looking at the people and the cars and everything else. I carry a little notebook in a green bag which I place on the table and stare at on my off hours. My spare spare spare time is spent wandering aimlessly around the back room of Full Moon records and staring at piles of vinyl that I will never listen to. Two weeks ago I hopped on a bus and waved good-bye to Southern America. Four hours to another station, the second change two hours later, a third and a fourth switch and I look around at Flint Hill, AGHS, and everything else that I had almost, but not quite, forgotten about

Route 896 runs right between Pennsylvania and Delaware, from Philadelphia to Dover. Turn right at the second to last intersection in Dover, drive for an hour or two and you will end up somewhere between Dewey and Ocean City, Maryland amid thousands of overweight, underbleached, overdressed, and undervalued Americans lying face down in the sand. Another day or two of driving and you will be on the outskirts of Georgia – Atlanta – Georgia Tech.

There is the first point. Everything is so fucking hard to forget. Considering that I never went on any spectacular adventures; that I never rode a skateboard down Peachtree Street at two in the morning; that I never had my own Radio show on WREK; I am still sitting down and thinking about the history course that I had with Dr. Ray, and the stacks of books at the Warehouse and the long nights that I did spend sitting out on 'the grounds' with other friends and associates. Never forget this: If you hate what you are doing now you will really hate it later. If you really hate what you are doing latter you will hate it even more when you get out and find that it will never leave you. I was lucky, I had some good courses and I did not molder in statistics &c However some people bitch a lot and they are the ones that should read this. I repeat: Georgia Tech will hover over you for the rest of your days.

So what do I do now? I left because I felt the need to get away. A year, maybe two years, and I will go back but for now my father is wondering when I will get a job. Go to college, get a job, get a house, a mortgage (mortgage: mort, *morte* is the French word for death), a television, a car and a nice plastic – derivative – futuristic – tombstone and a few flowers in case I kick off early. It simply isn't enough. Welcome to 1992, welcome to the midlife crisis at the age of twenty two, welcome to the ulcerated job market. My mother went insane at the age of thirty – truth. I have heard that everyone leaves college feeling like they can make a difference. I feel like this and I am on sabbatical.

Point number two then. It is hard change. Our academic experiences have their own inertia. College leads us in one direction – that of a self centered success. We go in, we labor for two, three, four years, we get out with a loan or unpaid mortgage looming on the horizon and we jump into the job market without those ten minutes of reflection which we should have taken way back in high school but didn't because we wanted a college with a reputation. Twenty years later and we are staring out of the same glass window overlooking route 896 only our spouses are yelling at us in the background and we are sitting in front of a pile of bills instead of a typewriter. Nothing changes and we are not advancing ourselves by moving so rapidly. A major is a terrible thing.

Be patient. I started this after four or five sleepless hours spent standing by the window and I am having some trouble finishing. Everything has changed at home. The School is smaller and the trees are darker and the sound of the trucks grows louder every hour. Be prepared for this. Most of you go home every few months or so. Two years is a long time. Gavin, if you are still down at G.T., try to understand why I wrote this.

-John Boddie

How to Cover an Event With Dignity

By J. Franklin Boltz

(First Printed April 1993, Issue #19)

DATELINE:
Atlanta; 13 Oct l992

Vroooommmm!!! I rarely get my car into fifth gear in residential Home Park, nor do I habitually rely on going the wrong direction down the one-way streets. So why am I risking life and Honda at sixty miles per hour in this manner?

1t all began the night before at a surprise party for a friend. I had joked with Tom Kemp about covering the debates as reporter and photographer. We decided to attend, one way or another, and perhaps schmooze our way into the press room in the building adjacent to the theatre where the debates were to be held. We would cover whatever we got to see, and maybe get around to writing an article and producing pictures. In order to properly handle the situation we needed one prop: North Avenue Review press credentials. The next day I enlisted Tim King to fabricate an ID tag with my name and NAR on it.

At 5:15 pm I arrived at Tim's place from Taco Bell. I had planned on eating, shaving, slicking my hair back, and donning a suit; I at least had to look important tonight. As I burst through the door Tim announced that he had made my press card, but, he added nonchalantly, "Dave (Miertschin) called and Tom is waiting for you with real ones at the Theatre For the Arts. You have to be there NOW!!"

I didn't even get out a "Thanks" or "See you later." So here I am, flying the wrong way down Snyder Street, up McMillan Street, through campus. In front of the Student Center I parallel park, hurriedly, front end first. Jumping from my car into traffic, it's 5:30 pm. A flash of my wrist locks the car door and I, clad not in a slick suit but in a white t-shirt, cordovan wing tips, purple patterned socks, and Taco Bell-stained plaid trousers, dash lick Man-o-War towards the walkway between the Student Center and the debate venue. Within the throng Tom and Dave locate me. Tom throws me a tag declaring "MEDIA" in black-on-chartreuse underneath the debate commission's logo. This gets us past police lines and into the press room but as yet we don't have access to the actual debate. Tom shows me his ersatz NAR card made and laminated an hour before. I run to my car, I have forgotten notepad and pen.

(Editor's Note: The following was found scribbled on the bottom of a copy of this article in the North Avenue Review offices: Although staff writer Boltz submitted a thoroughly astute analysis of the debate proceedings, the editorial board decided in favor of deferring space to his *account* of writing such a piece. The timing of the publication so long after the VP debate made it hardly relevant.)

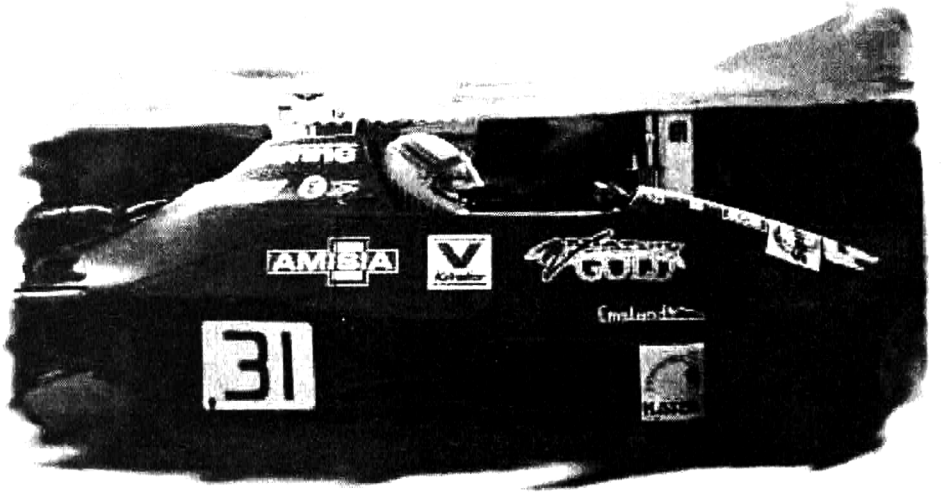
When I return, Tom has a mission for me. While he tries to get us access to the debate room, I must run to the camera shop and get the film that he didn't have time to acquire earlier.

I grab Dave. We run to my car. He bolts back into the Student Center to use Tom's bank card. When he returns I pop the car into gear and pull a U-turn. The time on the bank receipt is 5:37. Tom will hopefully have a pass for me when I return, but I must be in the building by 6:00. I drive down Tenth as quickly as my little Honda can take us. "Automodown" by Devo distorts my stereo speakers. I pass cars left, right, left, right. A red light at the corner of State and Tenth impedes us. The light changes, but we can see that the Democratic motorcade making a left at the next light will block our path to Techwood. My mind goes blank. Dave takes over navigational responsibilities. A left onto State, a right onto Fourteenth, and we pull into the lot at Wolf Camera. I cut to the front of the tine, my press pass hanging not like an albatross but mare like a license to violate every social norm. I explain that I need fifty dollars of 1000-speed Ektar color film immediately, sort of swinging my media tag on its chain. I apologetically explain to the people in tine that I must be back to the debates by six or I don't get in. Surprisingly, they amicably urge me on and wish me Godspeed. Dave goes outside and fires up the car. I gather change and film in an armload, sprint to the vehicle, toss my bundle through the passenger side window, jump in and shout a theatrical "GO!" Dave drives me to campus like The Dukes of Hazard.

He drops me off and I run through the tuba section of the pre-debate marching band. I traverse the Secret Service barricade under the protection of my vividly displayed press card. Two police lines later, I find Tom near the front of the queue to get in, one behind Tom Brokaw. I trade Kemp six rolls of film and five dollars for a ticket and a blue (theatre access) media tag. It's 5:57 pm. Tom somehow finagled two of the magical blue passes from the Secret Service. No reason to ask how; the answer would probably scare me anyway.

We pass through the metal detectors and enter the theatre itself. As a photographer, Tom doesn't have a seat, but as a reporter I do. It's the last seat in the top row, probably the only one left when we got the ticket. Nonetheless, I've made it. I sit and begin to take furious notes of whatever impresses me. The first thing I write is "Tom, you're a mesheggeneh genius." How did he pull this off? How did I get in here? What have I learned?

What have I learned, indeed! Drive fast. Remain calm. Pretend you belong there. Work with the right people. Above all, be polite and keep your dignity. Being ugly helps nothing. Courtesy, quick thinking, and a mother load of chutzpah (a Yiddish term for what Tom calls "the ability to bullshit believably") will get you past even the Secret Service.



Waffle House #4

From an upcoming novella by j. franklin boltz.
(First Printed Fall 1993, Issue #21)

One night, after I got off work from pizza, I called up Dannie. She had just returned home from work too and was about to go grocery shopping. She said she'd return in about an hour and I should come over then. Not being able to sit in the house, I got in the Duckmobile and sought out a cup of coffee before I went over.

Good coffee and good service never coincide in Columbia. I could either go to one of the so-called cafes and be ignored and scorned like a malignancy by the staff and patrons (and pay too much), or I could hit one of Columbia's half-dozen or so Waffle Houses. I chose the Waffle House closest to Dannie's abode.

Waffle House is the same everywhere across the Southeast: big black-on-yellow Wheel-of-Fortunesque signs advertising their presence, usually missing a letter or two, orange vinyl interiors, the smell of things cooked on an open grill, vending machines in the lavatories containing foreign prophylactics and books with the heading "FAMILY PLANNING" across the front of the dispenser (what family plans the things in those position books?), and the ubiquitous Waffle House juke box with all of the Waffle House's Commissioned recordings ("Waffle House DooWop,", "Special Lady at the Waffle House", "Waffle House Christmas", and the like). The quickest way to make enemies of the employees there is to drop a quarter on one of the official songs — songs that they have heard every night that they've worked there. With images of death by being slowly fried with onions and a side of fries on the grill in the front of my mind, I chose a Waffle-House safe selection: "Uneasy Rider" by the Charlie Daniels Band.

Having deposited myself onto one of the barstools in front of the stove, I watched the cook scatter, smother, cover, top, chunk, and dice his way through a double order of hash browns and call "order up" before the server noticed me. *Forget what I said earlier about better service.* Finally he waltzed up to me like now he had nothing better to do and was willing to take my order. Upon his head rested a paper Waffle House cap. Under the cap grew his stringy, longish hair, blonde like the color of masking tape, and dirty. His forearm bore a second degree burn, probably a grease splatter from the grill. The back of. his hand carried a scratchy homemade graffiti-like tattoo that I could barely read. S-K-R-E-W-D-R-I-V...SKREWDRIVER! I had seen this tattoo before. Not just one like it, but this exact instance of a badly shaped, discolored, poorly proportioned Skrewdriver logo. I tried to remember the last time I saw *anyone* with a Nazi-band tattoo, much less one of the king daddy of Nazi bands, Skrewdriver. Some fads won't fade. My mind wandered through the woods of my high school days. Tout a coup, the story came to me like the acorn that hit Chicken Little's head. I didn't have many friends in high school. The popular people never invited me to parties – the yuppies-in-training ignored me when they could, only speaking when they needed something. The big-hair walked past like I was the wind, or a stray cat. I became an attention-starved high-schooler, a punk rock kid, and, even though I took college prep classes with all the mall kids, the class fuck-up. They could walk past J.-the-straycat, but they couldn't avoid looking at and talking to J-the-stray-wolverine-devil, even if looking at and talking to me came in the form of staring and taunting me for my combat boots, leather jacket, and rooster crop of hair.

I learned how to play the guitar and joined a punk band by the time I was 14. They accepted me, for punk rockers in the semi-urban South are rare and they can't afford to make too many enemies of each other. I started going to the local rock clubs when bands on tour came through. A few hours of screaming and shoving to music like newts in a blender proved therapeutic to clubfuls of attention-starved high-schoolers like me. It was all fun and nobody re-

ally wanted to hurt anyone else, except the Nazi-punks.

These kids had the lowest self esteem of us all. While the rest of us got into drugs or bondage or bad hair, the Nazis preferred violence in the guise of politics. Their parents often encouraged their progeny, being members of the KKK themselves. They shaved their heads, tattooed each other, and wore swastikas and rebel flags on the arms of their army surplus flight jackets. The colors of their jackets, bootlaces, and shiny 10-hole boots stood for individual political stances, but they changed frequently and I could never keep up with the colors or the changing ideological goals of the bootboys. They only wanted one thing in the end – someone to feel worse about themselves than they did. They would even fight amongst themselves if that's what it took. Despite this they were the most cohesive of the sects of punk kids and roamed town together like hyenas –. never alone, always appearing when they smelled an easy kill.

One might during the summer when I was fifteen, I went to see three nameless bands play downtown. The show was loud and still rang in my ears as I left the club. The Nazi carrion-eaters attended and had been pestering the rest of us all night, giving us little love taps with their canes and kicking us in the shins when no one was looking. One of them stopped me after the show and began talking about racial politics.

"I wish we could just put em on a boat and send 'em back where they came from. "

"Whoa, how profound," I said with sarcasm quaint. " I think minorities have been fucked with here for a long time, and it's time to allow them a piece of the American dream-pie. Besides, there are people who would say the same about us."

As the words left my mouth I remembered with whom I was conversing and tried to catch them, but they filtered through my hands like rain through a screen. The Nazi called his buddies over to show them what he had found – a "nigger lovin' commie". He rolled up his sleeve and bared a badly shaped, discolored, poorly proportioned Skrewdriver tattoo on the back of his hand. The decided in all their graciousness to give me the opportunity to renounce socialism.

"C'mon. say you're not a commie and we'll let you go." A crew of about six or eight had gathered like iron filings to a magnet for the torment.

Before I could answer, the one right next to me urged, "Are you gonna let him walk all over you like that? You're pathetic. Take a stand."

I remained silent, knowing that, whatever my answer, they had found their victim for the night. But first they would play good-cop bad-cop with their food. The hungry circle of hyenas gathered tighter. They weren't going to let me slip away.

"Say you're not a commie and we'll let you go, kid." Still I kept my mouth shut, probably out of some inherited behavior which protects the teeth from blows. At last, one of them broke the ice. I was almost relieved. I received a cane to the knee, then a few punches to the stomach. One of them pulled me down to the ground from behind. A few more body blows, and they went off to find another victim to punish. A few of the hyenas looked back at the carcass whose dignity they had stripped to the bones. The last one to leave was the one with the Skrewdriver tattoo.

And now he stood before me, taking an order from the Pizza Boy for minimum wage, playing with the itchy polyester collar on his work uniform. His boss yelled at him from the innards of the restaurant and he listened without registering an iota of the maliciousness he used to show. He had once been a hyena, but he had become a domesticated

puppy dog, ready to serve. Should I make reference to our confrontation?

I remember him looking huge in his flight jacket and boots. The counter at Waffle House made him look so stringy and small. In fact, after sizing him up rationally, under the Waffle House lights, I realized that he was only about five-foot-six. Surely be didn't recognize me as one of his victims from his high school glory days as defender of the race. While the manager continued her tirade against him, I peeked over the counter to look at his shoes. There they were: scuffed 10-hole boots with broken laces that had been tied back together, remnants of the best days of his life. He back around and I could see that he was puzzling over the expression in my eyes, anger cross-pollinated with pity. He stared for a moment, and then I realized he was just waiting for me to order.

"A coffee to go, please."

"That'll be 79 cents, sir." *Sir?*

We transacted coffee and money and I walked out the door for Dannie's house, petting the puppy dog's head with a five dollar tip.

A Consuming Fire

By Bill Kuffelz

(First Printed Fall 1993, Issue #21)

"For man, common man, simple in mind, small in heart; cannot endure the mystery, does not understand himself, suffers at the possibility of loving, suffers when that possibility is taken away, screams and cries out...to fall silent only when he dreams once again. Take possesion of him." -Murena

The grinding of the axle awoke the photojournalist from his leaden slumber – several weeks have gone by since he arrived, and the bombs kept falling. There was much to record, of course nothing would be printed until "it was all over." He felt some misgiving about this policy, but that wasn't his job. With all the heavy action, there was little time for politics. Staring at the dirt rushing beneath his feet as he dangled them out of the back of the truck, his mind flashed back to photography school. Training: the more intense and graphic the stimulus, the greater the response.

We find what we are looking for.

Yesterday had been interesting. By now the ground assault had effectively achieved its purpose, evidenced by the Iraqis surrendering in droves, some of them bootless. He would have liked to have photographed more of them, but there was never any time.

The truck lurched to a sudden halt, sending photographer and equipment headlong into the dozing troops. "Fuck!" came the scream in the cab, followed by an annoyed drone from the rear. "Hey, asshole, we're not in DUI school!" came a shout from behind. In an instant, the photographer's instincts were kindled as he pranced off the back of the truck, newly invigorated.

In front of him stood a truck. Or what looked like the remains of a truck, torched beyond resemblance. The convoy the photographer was riding with was apparently deep in the "zone of destruction" where the fleeing Iraqi troops saw "death in the air." Now, the ghostly column of burnt-out hulks and bodies littered the crude desert highway as a forlorn testament to the earlier night's havoc and destruction. Perhaps the stench of the bodies was not so nearly as unnerving as the frozen monument's breadth and solitude. For an instant the photographer imagined what the column was like when the aerial bombing raid took place...as

a kid he remembered stomping on a highway of ants.

"Man, I didn't see I was about to hit it..." babbled the driver from the cab as the photographer walked past him. Several of the men in the rear unboarded. "Man, whathafuck? I've seen enough meat here never to want to eat at McD's again!" "Hold on guys, get back to the rear!" shouted the commanding officer "There could be mines."

But the photojournalist was completely absorbed. A ringing in his ears prevented him from hearing the gabble of the men in and around the truck. He moved closer to the wreckage. There was nothing remarkable about its appearance – until he noticed what may have been inside it. He crawled closer, armed to the teeth, lost in his work. "Haven't you done enough with your Instamatic for the day?" called the driver. "Just a second, O.K.?" answered the reporter, "I think I see something worth preserving for posterity" And then he saw it. What looked like teeth were protruding from a barely recognizable head. Goddam, the photographer thought, why this one? So many of the twisted forms were faceless...yet this one showed a grimace, staring directly at him. What felt like an icy electric bolt traveled down his spine, as he stutteringly worked to concentrate on the shot. Aperture, f/stop...Do I attempt a wider angle? Distance? Cold sweat poured down his forehead as he feverishly snapped the shutter. There. Accomplished.

He backed off, trembling, blanched, clutching his frozen testament. An instantaneous hush passed over the truck. In an awkward, choking stillness the photojournalist signaled to the driver that he was through. The truck started forward.

The photojournalist lay inside the truck, weariness and cramps rippling through him. How many more days? Replacing his lens cap he closed his eyes, falling into the usual semi-conscious drowsing he had by now grown accustomed to, his head jostling on the floor.

Amidst the roar of the engine he allowed his mind to drift once again...he felt like his jostling head was being beaten faceless by rifle butts. At the same time he recalled a line from Orwell's 1984, in which O'Brien the torturer explains to the protagonist Winston Smith, that the only eternal laughter is derived from the sight of a boot, forever stomping on a face. In the past, his cynicism prevented him from reacting to all this. He recalled having discussions with is friends, and he recalled always exasperating them and annoying them, since he always got the last word: If man was not meant to destroy nature, why is man a part of nature? This was about as far as he cared to venture. The question none of his friends seemed to be able to answer with satisfaction was the one he rested his entire life and work on. It was why he was here.

He dreamt of Mary. He remembered one night when she was ill she called out to him in a small voice he had never heard before. Instantaneously he was at her side, with his arm around her shoulder. Now he longed to lay with her, put his arm around her, bury his face in her breast and release all his travails, not unlike the way he saw one burnt soldier's arms wrapped tightly around another burnt soldier. Tears welled up, as he realized that all his life, in accepting human nature, in accepting nature's pervasive Heart of Darkness, he could never reconcile himself with the one mystery: the mystery of compassion. O'Brien may be right about the boot, forever crushing and stomping the human face. But where O'Brien was wrong was that he didn't realize the face is never quite obliterated.

North Ave. **10 YEARS** Review

The Perils (and Vibrators) of Rachel Maines

By Bruce McKee

(First Printed Fall 1993, Issue # 21)

(The article "Socially Camouflaged Technologies: The Case Of the Electromechanical Vibrator" can be found in Issue #21 of The North Avenue Review or Volume 8, Issue 2 of IEEE Technology and Society Magazine, June 1989)

Elsewhere in this issue you will find a scholarly article entitled "Socially Camouflaged Technologies: The Case of the Electromechanical Vibrator". It traces the history of electromechanical vibrators, from their initial clinical use to treat "female hysteria", to their emergence as a mainstream consumer item.

The article is also a hilarious commentary on the medical profession, and how medical jargon was used to hide the sexual nature of the "treatments". (They also made a pretty good buck from the "treatments" – Hillary Clinton, please take note.)

However, the things that happened to the article's author – Dr. Rachel Maines - were decidedly unfunny. She was fired from her post at Clarkson University, and has not worked in academia since.

What follows is a description of the whole sordid mess. It's about academic freedom and non-tenured faculty. It's about uptight administrators frightened of adverse publicity and uncomfortable with sexuality.

But mostly, it's about vibrators.

The Story starts back in 1983 at Clarkson University. At the time Rachel was an associate professor for the History of technology, and was researching a paper entitled "America Needlework in Transition,1880-1930". While examining turn-of-the-century woman's magazines, she noticed advertisements for electromechanical vibrators.

A more sedate academic might have chuckled and moved on. However, one would never describe Rachel as "sedate". (As a high school student she was nearly expelled for protesting the Vietnam War). She decided that research on vibrators was much more interesting than needlepoint.

And that's when her troubles began.

She eventually located a vibrator collection in Minneapolis, at the Bakken Museum for Electricity in Life. The Bakken people was enthusiastic about her research, and even funded visits to the museum. In return, she wrote a two-page article for the Bakken Museum's quarterly newsletter .

That article got her fired from Clarkson in 1986. On her birthday.

She found out about her dismissal when she found her name missing from the office list. While no official reason was given, one unofficial reason was Rachel's personality – she had "a very high energy level incompatible with the rest of the faculty".

The other reason, according to Rachel, was that she was going to publish an expanded version of her Bakken article. Clarkson was afraid that the resulting publicity would affect alumni donations.

Regardless of the reason, it put Rachel into a bind. She survived by starting her own small business in Ithaca, NY, specializing in organizing museum collections.

Fig. 3. Walking beefer

She also continued her research on vibrators, and in 1988 submitted a paper to the IEEE Technology and Society Magazine.

This led to yet another ruckus, which inadvertently involved Georgia Tech's Dr. Jim Brittain.

Dr. Brittain, a Professor of History of Science and Technology, was a guest editor for a special issue on the history and social impact of electrotechnology. As editor he selected seven papers for publication, based on com-

ments provided by referees and his own editorial judgement. All fairly routine stuff.

However, things quickly got non-routine once Rachel's paper was published in the June, 1989 issue of the IEEE Technology and Society Magazine. According to Rachel, it was the first feminist article published in that journal, and the only IEEE article to ever contain the word "orgasm" in its abstract.

This intrusion of sexuality into technology did not go unnoticed by the IEEE hierarchy. Their reaction was roughly that of the Red Queen in Through the Looking Glass – "Off with their heads!". More precisely, the IEEE Technical Activities Board called for a review of whether the publishing organization – the IEEE Society on Social Implications of Technology (SSIT) should continue as an IEEE Technical Society.

Quoting the November 1989 Institute (a news supplement to the IEEE Spectrum):

"...Ralph W. Wyndrum Jr., a member of the Board of Directors and the Technical Advisory Board (TAB) Operating Committee...questioned why the article was being published, by the IEEE, and compared it to a lampoon of technical articles in IEEE publications".

According to Rachel, they thought that the article was made up by Dr. Brittain and the regular editor Bob Whelchel. Apparently it read like a parody of an IEEE article, especially with its "dozens and dozens of obsolete references." Dr. Brittain was asked to submit the referee's evaluations (with the referee's names omitted) to prove that the paper was properly evaluated, and that Rachel Maines actually existed.

Other IEEE officials questioned the use of sexuality. Again quoting from the November 1989 Institute:

"George F. Abbott, IEEE Executive Vice President, wrote to IEEE Technology and Society editor Robert J. Whelchel, criticizing the article on the grounds, that it was written 'as much to titillate as to entertain.' Abbott said in an interview that another topic – radar detectors, for example – could have been chosen to show how advertising claims camouflage the real use for a technology".

This Puritan reception outraged many IEEE mermbers. Quoting from letters written to the Institute:

"...I have seen in several IEEE journals mention of concerns about the role of women in the IEEE, women in science and engineering in general, etc. Here, an article that might interest a good number of female IEEE members appears, written by a woman, and it is considered an inappropriate joke by a member of the Board of Directors..." The Institute, March 1990, letter from John K. Bartholomew, Portland, Ore.

"...Are we so rigid in the IEEE that we cannot accept an article relating electrical products to sociology? Can we face the fact that much of our culture is prudish? Dare we, for instance, discuss the vibrator as a method of reducing teen pregnancy and the spread of AIDS?" - The Institute, July 1990, letter from John Sinclair, Little River, CA.

Eventually the IEEE gave up its attacks on SSIT and Rachel's article. They received proof that the paper had indeed been properly reviewed, and they also realized that they were starting to look

awfully silly. The affair ended with SSIT retaining its status as an IEEE Technical Society. Likewise, Dr. Jim Brittain, a tenured faculty member, was unaffected by the controversy.

One can't say the same for Dr. Rachel Maines.

She has applied for teaching positions since she was fired by Clarkson, but hasn't gotten interviews. It

appears that Rachel has been marked with a "Scarlet V" by academia.

In the meantime she continues running her business, most recently consulting with Midwest museums on how to salvage their collections from Mississippi mud. She is also working on a book detailing the history of the vibrator and how it reflects society's view of female sexuality. However, her first love is teaching, and she misses her students and the classroom.

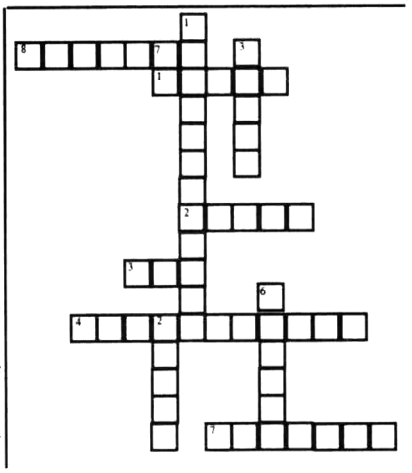
In reflecting on her experience, Rachel says that it has made her skeptical of "academic freedom", which she feels doesn't exist for non-tenured faculty. In spite of this, she has found a – glimmer of hope in the whole affair, specifically in the conduct of Tech's Dr. Jim Brittain. Rachel explains:

"I sensed that Jim was personally uncomfortable with the subject material. However, both he and the referees felt my paper was good scholarship, so he approved it for publication despite his reservations".

Dr. Brittain is more modest. He merely notes that Rachel's paper was handled exactly like all other papers submitted for that special issue.

Such professional integrity greatly contrasts with the less courageous actions shown by others in authority. One can only hope that they will learn by example.

In the meantime, the reader can turn to Rachel's article and decide whether vibratory therapy could successfully treat future outbreaks of "administrative hysteria".



Crossword Puzzle

First Printed Nov. 1989, Issue #3

ACROSS

1)Right-wing leader responsile for the deaths of thousands of ethnic scapegoats: Adolf _____

2)Greatest financial threat to the GT graduate

3)Acronym that proves that you can't purchase style

4)Curriculum that the Tech student body believes should be taught in the inner ring of the *Inferno* (that is, if they had ever heard of Dante)

5)Prototype 1980's imperialist

6)Teleprompter king

7)Corporate homewrecker: Frank _____

8)Concessions from the dominant class to pacify the supressed

DOWN

1)Utility company whose slogan about moral employees is "You can't kill just one!"

2)World enviroment threat; earth raper

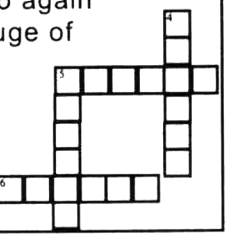
3)Syn. for ego and $

4)"Psycho of the starts": Nancy _____

5)Here I go again

6)True gauge of modern religous integrity

7)Cola brand



Deviance Inc.

Another tirade by Mark Cleary
(First Printed Winter 1994, Issue #22)

That's right all you deviants and malcontents, prepare your pessimism. I, Mark Cleary, pundit for the people am about to publicly pontificate for posterity in yet another protracted pouting.

I sit here after attending another one of those parties that painfully reminded me why I stopped going to those parties in the first place. The same people were sitting around drinking the same beer, listening to the same music (Drivin' and Cryin'), garbed in the same presentable gap-esque attire that screams "Hey I'm a rebel. But a well dressed rebel."

They may have had the appearance of the rebel. Anyone with access to a mall and a credit card does. So why, in a country that has the means to transcend itself, to add a little diversify to its population, is there all this sameness?

On the surface, we want to appear different. But scratch a few layers underneath and most people's goals become strikingly similar. "I want to graduate, get a high paying job and live the american dream." These similarities remain thinly hidden but show their faces when events that people take seriously occur.

Isn't this the whole point behind career day? You've got to dress up in a suit and make yourself look presentable. But at the same time, everyone else is dressing up in a suit to make themselves look presentable. Then you've got to go out and prove to these companies that you are a better candidate for this particular high-paying job. That you are different from the masses. So you've got to be the same. . .while also being different. Who thought up this madness?

But wait, this madness is not limited to career day, nor is it just a Georgia Tech phenomenon. It is popular fodder for this magazine: the homogenization of "the rebel". I can now open up almost any magazine in the country (The National Review excluded) and immediately be caught in the crossfire of cloying images of corporate clothiers advertising "disorder alternative clothing". For a mere six extra dollars I can order "broken in" jeans (as opposed to regular jeans) from J. Crew. The Gap, who has always tried to give flannel and denim a spin of sophistication, is advertising faded, ripped up garments hanging on twenty-nothings in full page layouts. Even U magazine devotes half an issue to pictures of people "just doing it." Like the shoes one is wearing are more important than where those shoes take them. Is there something wrong here? Yes.

What we are witnessing is image conveniently separated from its problematic, ideological baggage. After all, its easy to be a rebel when one doesn't have to think like a rebel. Why? The responsibility of thought is gone. No longer must we think through a position in order to look like we've thought through a position. Even the tern "poser" has lost its pungency.

Some would say this is harmless. It's just people letting go from he pressures of the job, school or dull existence of their choice. But I have come to say it is not harmless. It is in fact quite harmful. It leads to the "one dimensional closure of society" that Marcuse talked about in the early sixties.

This separation of image from its ideological basis is actually quite scientific. So it should come as no real surprise to me or any other student of this Institute of Technology. For what is science, to most, but the distillation of the practical from the esoteric. Are corporations really interested in the pursuit of knowledge, or the marketable technologies that come from this pursuit of knowledge?

Maybe on the P.R. level they can cloth naked self interest in the garb of "objectivity", but their interest certainly does not go beyond that. Sure we'd like to think that we as scientists are purely "objective", but objectivity is a myth that most people would rather conveniently brush under the carpet, than take seriously. We are taught in Particle Dynamics, in the first hour, that there exists no "completely inertial reference frame."

I ask all you future scientists, What do you know of Newton other than his laws? Do you know what his favorite music was? Do you know anything about his politics? What he ate for breakfast? His laws are distilled from their philosophical and cultural framework and force fed to students so quickly that they don't even have time to memorize them; much less think about them. How would our understanding of these laws change if we had to wade through all of Newton's failures and moral dilemmas? To say that we would be confused is a hopeless understatement. We would probably find such an undertaking intolerably

time consuming. Just as wading through the mind of the deviant we dress like would be intolerably time consuming.

This distillation of knowledge is convenient but dangerous. It leads to a shallow knowledge that is ultimately not much more than a vast collection of facts separated by huge knowledge gaps. Michael Crichton's character, Ian Malcolm, referred to this as "thintelligence" (Jurassic Park pg 286) This is the thintelligence underlying Deviance Inc. But let's research the science connection a little further.

It is thintelligence that allows science to march on, damn the consequences. Progress without a conscience. For who can market a product before the competitor does when they must consider the ramifications of their discovery? Certainly not the makers of Napalm, DDT, plutonium or talking barbie. I guess that explains why we injected people with plutonium back in the fifties.

What strikes me with humorous irony is that these same profit-at-all-costs capitalists are now crying, "Where have ethics gone? Our businesses and society has no ethics anymore!" I wonder if we ever did. They are complaining about the very conditions they helped bring about! Perhaps Marx was right when he observed that the capitalist will sell the very rope with which he is hanged. This is a consequence of corporate thintelligence. We are truly living "the virtue of the absurd."

Another cultural consequence of thintelligence is all those pesky, unanswered questions that even a child can ask; But when posed, the child's question is usually admonished with a quick "because I said so, that's why."

"Mom, why is it we can spend millions of dollars on a new sports dome, when we can' t afford to feed the residents of the neighborhood around that sports dome?"

"Because those residents are leeches on society. They're lazy and don't want to work."

"But why are they lazy mom?"

"Because I said so, that's why."

Does the Mom not answer the question because she believes that or because to dive into an explanation might uncover some fundamental inconsistencies she never had time to think about?

I once asked a professor why I go against a preset standard and take the bending moment of a member the other way. His reply? "Because I said so. You just do."

For many of us, these explanations are pathetically inadequate. Is it any wonder we've raised a generation of confused kids who find no solace in anything? Where social deviance is social conformity? Where the gold teeth in one's mouth are more important than the words that come out of it? Maybe you can live with that. . . I can't.

I read a Bloom County cartoon once where Tipper Gore's committee of senate wives was interrogating Steve Dallas and Bill the Cat.

"Well Mr. Dallas, we've heard your smut masquerading as songs and we've heard teen prostitution, pregnancy, drug use, cults runaways, suicide and poor hygiene are sweeping the nation. We thought you might like to share with the committee any particular causes you might see for these latter problems."

"I dunno. Maybe the proliferation of narrow, suffocating, zealotry masquerading as parenting in this country?"

It is important to point out here that the parents themselves are not to blame for the immediate problem. But the thintelligence they have been educated with, is. Incidentally, the next lines are "Off with his head" and "We can't do that Tippy."

So what's the answer? Like Steve Dallas "I dunno." I'd like to say we can start by thinking for ourselves. But, alas one cannot be told to think for oneself because of the absurd reflexivity involved.

But thinking about something in depth can yield answers that may satiate us and interest us for a while; beating back the demons of thintelligence. And besides, it beats watching television or spending that six extra bucks for "broken in" jeans. Perhaps what we need are "broken in" minds to match our broken in jeans.

* Author's Note : I'm sure for this I will be labeled a communist, anti-american, blasphemous, bleeding heart, anti-christian, subversive. For certain cynical opportunists I may even become the scapegoat equivalent of Hitler's Jews or McCarthy's Communists. Such is the price for dulling the cutting edge of public opinion.

Women and Obstetrics: The Loss of Childbirth to Male Physicians

By Shira Happlin

(First Printed Winter 1995, Issue #25)

"Woman" is often referred to as a diseased state of the male norm. Medical testing is done on men, with men as the norm. Women's bodies are diseased and dysfunctional. Female processes are not normal occurrences in the female body. They are deviant processes, needing male consultation and male solutions. This medicalization of women's bodies occurred during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as medicine became professionalized and men came to be in control of women's bodies and their processes. During the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and part of the eighteenth century, midwives oversaw women's medical needs. Childbirth and diseases of the reproductive organs were the domain of midwives. Books on midwifery taught midwives to diagnose problems, to suggest treatments, and to oversee birth. As men sought to professionalize medicine and to further their control they began to become involved in midwifery and developed obstetrics and gynecology.

The shift from midwife to obstetrician and gynecologist occurred from the early eighteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Relinquishing control of their territory was not something midwives did voluntarily, rather it happened as a result of questions of women's place and innovations in technology. Men's access to education and to technology provided them with an advantage over female midwives. Female midwives and women in general were denied medical education. They were not exposed, nor allowed to use certain technologies. In order for midwives to keep their job, they were forbidden from practicing medicine. Using technology was practicing medicine; midwives could not use technology to ease labor or to diagnose gynecological problems. New technologies were in the realm of the male doctors. These male doctors could then promise better treatment, easier labor, etc. as a way of asserting their dominance in the field.

This dominance was over women, their bodies, and their bodies processes. The use of the vaginal speculum, forceps and anesthesia helped to exert men's control over women's bodies. The speculum allowed men sight in addition to touch. Forceps brought obstetricians into almost every birth that occurred. Anesthesia put women to sleep and let them forget their births, giving their doctors more control over the birthing process.

The speculum came into use during the early eighteenth century. It was rediscovered and popularized by Joseph Recamier, a professor of medicine in Paris. He constructed a slender tin tube through which he could examine and inspect the uterine neck and the vagina. Because of the sight the speculum gave to gynecologists, it became a very controversial technology. In the early eighteenth century, these was heated debate about the use of the speculum. Examinations by speculum involved exposure and penetration of what was "private". Most doctors felt that to look at and to touch female genitalia was unnecessary, sacrificed female delicacy and ignored medical ethics [1]. According to Dr. Charles Meigs, professor of medicine and diseases of women and children in Philadelphia, indiscriminate use of the speculum was an affront to women's modesty. Meigs felt that his duty as a doctor was to uphold the moral fabric of society, not to cure women's diseases. Meigs explained to his students that he was...

"...proud to say that in this country generally, certainly in many parts of it, there are women who prefer to suffer the extremity of danger and pain rather than wave those scruples of delicacy which prevent their maladies from being explored. I say it is fully an evidence of the dominion of a fine morality in

our society."[2]

The speculum was also thought to "dull the edge of virgin modesty, and the degradation of the pure minds ... the female who has been subjected to such treatment is not the same person in delicacy and purity as she was before."[3] Male doctors felt that once a woman's erotic feelings had been stirred, through sight and touch, it would be easy to seduce her. The men were responsible for control of women's sexual desire, chastity, and loyalty to husband.

This importance of protecting female virtue seemed to apply only to the upper classes, however. As early as 1810, the speculum was being used to regulate prostitution. Parisian prostitutes had to register, and be examined by the speculum. If she was found to be suffering from venereal disease, she was detained and treated at a prison hospital. Already methods of control were in place.[4] The passage of the Contagious Disease Acts gave further control to men over women's bodies. The 1864 Act gave JPs, inspectors, magistrates and medical practitioners the power to apprehend a woman and force her to undergo an examination. The 1866 Act gave police the power to detain and examine any prostitute suspected of having a disease. Women could be detained against their will and without their consent. They could also be imprisoned if they refused the examination.[5] According to Ornella Moscucci...

"Anti-regulationists violently opposed the examination of prostitutes by the speculum, which they depicted at best as a voyeuristic intrusion in the womb, and at worst as the 'instrumental rape' of women. Women were forced to submit to brutal and degrading inspections to 'make vice safe for men', while the men who consorted with them were allowed to go unpunished."[6]

Lynne Tatlock, in her essay, "Speculum Feminarum", gives a more radical view of the meaning of the speculum to women and their bodies. Writes Tatlock...

"[A] new kind of medical — indeed, a male/masculine — gaze, enhanced by instruments, proceeded to analyze, organize, and ultimately reduce the experience in the service of nosology. This is the new medical "glance" that ... Foucault overtly linked to the view through the speculum at the cervix, a glance that simulates palpation of the cervix. ... [H]is description of it as an aggressive glance at woman's interior quite palpably demonstrates that it is not gender-neutral, that it is a "masculine" gaze. Indeed, Luce Irigaray, ... asserts that man's use of the speculum signifies the "masculine" usurpation of the right to look at everything. The glance through the speculum, Irigaray insists, leads man mistakenly to believe himself reconfirmed in his priority in the creation and thus as the sole contender for knowledge. Knowledge is the key word."[7]

The speculum allowed men to know and control the women they were examining. Woman's sexual freedom and bodily privacy were lost to men obsessed with the need to control women's bodies and the medical profession.

This desire for control led men to seek greater status as obstetricians in the nineteenth century. The professionalization of obstetrics is one of the leading factors in the demise of midwifery. Doctors sought to improve their status by proving midwives uneducated and unprepared for medical emergency. This control over the birthing process came about with the increasing use of forceps in doctor attended births. Forceps allowed the male doctor to deliver live babies where previously the child or the mother would have died. Forceps were also used to shorten lengthy labor. Because midwives were not allowed by custom to use medical instruments in their practice, forceps became the exclusive domain of physicians. Childbirth started to become the expertise of men, instead of women.

Forceps improved the status of physicians by easing birth and increasing the chances of a live birth. A physician who used forceps in the majority of cases, necessary or not, would increase

his chances of a successful and less painful birth. Until the use of forceps, the only way to remove a fetus that couldn't pass through the birth canal was to perform a craniotomy. Forceps represented the introduction of science to birth, the professionalization of physicians, the downfall of midwifery, and the loss of birth from women to men. Catherine M. Scholten writes...

"[T]he time seemed ripe to apply science to a field hitherto built on ignorance and supported by prejudice. Smellie [Dr. William Smellie, discovered the mechanics of parturition, perfected the design and use of forceps, and taught their use] commented on the novelty of scientific interest in midwifery. 'We ought to be ashamed of ourselves ... for the little improvement we have made in so many centuries.'"[8]

Thomas Jones of the College of Medicine of Maryland wrote in 1812, "With the cultivation of this branch of science women could now reasonably look to men for safety in the perilous conditions of childbirth."[9]

What Jones failed to write about were the failures of the forceps to completely revolutionize childbirth. Forceps sometimes saving the life of an infant who would have been killed, or sped up labor; however, they also caused as much injury as they prevented. Forceps were responsible for rips in the perineum, head injuries to the fetus, and other obstetric complications. The overuse of forceps was an acknowledged problem in the nineteenth century. Accusations of "meddlesome midwifery" and cautions against forceps misuse suggest a serious problem existed. William Potts Dewees, professor and the University of Pennsylvania, wrote, "The frequency with which [forceps] have been employed in some instances is really alarming, and I had like to have said, must have been to often unnecessary." Another physician writing in the 1880s wrote "grave perineal lesions were more common now than formerly, and this increase has been coincident with the increased use of forceps and of anesthetics in labor."[10]

The increase of dangers to women was due to other interventions by physicians as well. Since most labor proceeded normally, any intervention introduced dangers that weren't already present. Germ theory was not yet in place, and doctors did not take action to sterilize themselves or the area they were in. Unwashed hands posed major threats to women's health, often carrying disease from other patients the doctor had examined. Some physicians also routinely used opium and other narcotics, and ruptured the water with their fingernails. These actions also placed unknown and previously nonexistent dangers to women.

Women, unlike the midwives who were being forced out of their jobs, were choosing physicians of their own volition. Unlike today, women were not forced to give birth in a hospital, or with a licensed physician. Women called on physicians to be present, often because the threats they might bring outweighed the fears the women had of childbirth. Women were also sometimes forcing intervention on themselves. Doctors who did not intervene at all were seen as not doing their job. Physicians might decide to intervene dependent on a woman's state of mind at the birth, her expectations of the physician, his standing in the community, or a number of other reasons.

According to Judith Walzer Leavitt, this choice of calling in a doctor allowed women to continue "to hold the power to shape events in the birthing room".[11] Women could choose what type of birth they would have and what actions would be taken. Write Leavitt...

"[F]or those women who chose physicians instead of or in addition to midwives, birth became a less natural, immutable process and more an event that could be altered and influenced by a wide selection of interventions. Middle-class birthing women and their physicians realized that fate no longer held women in such a tight grip and that decisions could be made ... that would determine what kind of birth a woman would have and perhaps whether she and her baby lived or died. This mental perception of the ability to shape the birth experience became

even more important in the second half of the nineteenth century, when anesthesia emerged as the newest birthing panacea and physician interventions became more routine."[12]

While forceps were an invasion of the female world of birth, it was an invasion by invitation. And, according to Leavitt, a source of empowerment for women over the hazards of birth. Women were willing victims to the takeover by physicians.

Leavitt provides a similar interpretation of the use of anesthesia in birth. During the mid-nineteenth century, some physicians began using ether and chloroform to ease pain during labor. Many physicians were reluctant to use any anesthesia, unsure of the dangers and the risks it presented to women. Charles Meigs rejected both chloroform and ether. He believed that "a labor pain [is] a most desirable, salutary, and conservative manifestation of the life-force." Labor pains helped Meigs determine the progress of labor and felt the anesthesia would make him less effective.[13] In the beginning, women were more demanding of anesthesia than doctors were in offering it. Once women understood that ether or chloroform could ease their pains, they demanded its use, even when they were capable of having relatively easy births. With chloroform it was "nothing to have babies". As more women demanded anesthesia, more doctors began to use and to encourage the use of chloroform and ether. Says Leavitt, this "clearly illustrates the powers that women held in America's birthing rooms, the easy assertion of their decision-making authority, and the physicians' acceptance of the necessity to alter their own plans in the face of women's expectations."[14]

Like the use of forceps, anesthesia carried with it many risks. Physicians were well aware of these dangers, and many refused to use anesthesia until well into the nineteenth century. Medical literature "indicated that either ether or chloroform could increase the danger of hemorrhage, could lead to protracted labor, could decrease uterine contractions, and could cause a newborn breathing difficulty."[15] Many physicians warned against the routine use of anesthesia in birth for these reasons. Until the advent of twilight sleep in the early twentieth centuries, many doctors refused to use any type of anesthesia.

Twilight-sleep was a combination of scopolamine and morphine. It put women to sleep and caused an amnesia that led them to "forget" the birth process. Twilight-sleep was subject to many debates similar to those over the use of ether and chloroform. The use of twilight-sleep, however, was one which ignited a country of women demanding its use. The use of twilight-sleep was an example of women controlling their own births by choosing to go to sleep. These women were demanding the right to control their own birth and its process. Many leaders of the twilight-sleep movement were suffragists and women's rights leaders. Twilight-sleep represented women's control over birth decisions.

This control did not come easily, however. Doctors were fighting the use of twilight-sleep for a number of reasons. Some of these were safety, although many unsafe procedures were still being used in birthing rooms. The debate over twilight-sleep became a public debate and represented doctors' lack of complete control over birth procedures and decisions. As doctors were fighting for control over the entire birth process, they could not allow women to continue making decisions. Says Leavitt, "it was principally this question of power over decision making that separated the twilight-sleep movement's proponents from its opponents."[17]

What doctors had not yet realized that twilight-sleep was the first step to complete control by the physician. Twilight-sleep had to be administered in a hospital and the birth had to be overseen by physician and staff. Women were completely unconscious and so did not experience birth. The widespread use of twilight-sleep also paved the way for other anesthesia. By encouraging

women to go to sleep, women were further distanced from their bodies. They lost control over a process as natural as any other bodily function.

This loss of control and medicalization of birth was well on its way during the nineteenth century. Physician intervention in birth, improved methods for combating puerperal fever and anesthetizing women for a medical procedure all contributed to childbirth's medicalization. The natural processes of a woman became medical procedure that required a male physician to step in and take control. This intervention was frequently more detrimental to a birthing woman's health than no physician would be. Physicians themselves carried many diseases. Yet women did not fight this invasion, rather they welcomed and in some cases demanded it. The loss of control of their bodies was not something they had anticipated, nor did they realize it was occurring. Writes Tatlock of the loss of control due to the speculum...

"Once male practitioners established their right to look and thus to know by seeing what the midwife knew by touching, the field of obstetrics and gynecology was changed forever. The bodies of women were thereby rendered objects of institutional knowledge, a knowledge contested and prescribed within "masculine" universities, regulated and deployed by male boards of health, and endlessly reproduced by sterile and unsexed specula, those keys that had opened the female body and locked it into its place within professional "masculine" medicine."[17]

Once birth moved into the hospitals and men gained the uncontestable right to look, women surrendered all control and knowledge of their bodies to medicine, and hence to men. What had been normal became abnormal. Women's bodies, specifically their reproductive organs were held responsible for their mental illness, and for other medical problems. Women had to protected and their organs controlled so that women would not suffer, die or go insane. Through increased technological use, and the exclusion of women to access education and technologies, men gained and held control over women's bodies and their functioning.

Footnotes

1.Drachman, "The Loomis Trial" in Leavitt, Women and Health in America, p. 168.
2.ibid., p. 168.
3.Moscucci, p.115
4.Perhaps the speculum was the first incidence of surveillance of women to protect society at large. Foucauldian inspired feminist work on reproductive surveillance explores this more fully. Tatlock's quotation below suggests the flavor of some of that work.
5.Moscucci, p.123.
6.ibid., p.123.
7.Tatlock, p. 759.
8.Scholten, "The Importance of the Obstetrick Art" in Leavitt, Women and Health in America, p.146.
9.ibid., p.146.
10.Leavitt, Brought to Bed, p.47.
11.ibid., p.49.
12.ibid., p.50-1.
13.ibid., p.117.
14.ibid., p.119.
15.ibid., p.122.
16.ibid., p.139.
17.Tatlock, p.759.

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The Desert

By Chad Karr

(First Printed Spring 1995, Issue #26)

Black wings glide, shifting as the wind passes through. They slowly cease upon landing. Necks invade and search the prone eroded cadaver. Twisted and ill-conceived, green velvet flies gather and their antennae slide smoothly, tasting their soon to be devoured entree. Within a fine second the notion of symbiosis intrudes as the black-winged fiends approach. Their tearing, pulling, and tugging emphatically contrast the gentle manner of the feces enamored friends as they brutally slaughter the last remains of bone and marrow.

The desert wind tastes dry and the fierce wind rains sweat from my tired pores; I gather weathered limbs for the evening fire aside the lost soul of an undiscernable creature. Oxygen feeds the flame as subtle hues of blue coalesce the thick orange rings praising the endless mire of darkness.

"Out of all the places we could have chosen to stop, build a fire and eat our evening meal, you choose the spot right next to the road kill. We have got to get you some help, man."

"Yeah, okay. This will be fine. What time do you think the others will arrive?"

"Hey; chill out. And put that gun away! It's not time yet." "Okay, okay. I just wanted to hold it again. "

"You are a fucking psychopath."

"I know man, I know." He grins a deep and devious grin. I've been sniffing brake fluid all day to keep me from chickening out of this and to conserve my only bottle of gin. At this point we have a fire, a piece of rotting meat, and my companion is flirting with his mortality, so I guess it is about time to break open the bottle. Sting-dry-burn shuffles down my throat with heavy steps, reminding me that I am alive. I take another gulp and try to forget. This guy that I am with spins the .38 around his finger like a child's toy. He has absolutely no concept of what it will do by the end of this evening. Someone will die; dead; what a concept. All of us are immortal. Twenty-somethings with no concept of life or death. We roll ourselves into a solid ball of work or school related stress and feed on it while calling it life. It is not, however, life. It is what the rednecks like Junior Biggs in Texas, the man who pushed the nigger off the roof, call life. They live to drink at night, go to work in the day, and drink again at night. All of the other roofers said the black man fell.

"What time is it? Why haven't they arrived yet? Do you think they will be able to find this place? It doesn't seem too difficult; I specifically told them we'd be at the point directly adjacent to Old Charlie's farmhouse. Hey! What the hell is a farmhouse doing in the middle of the desert?"

Nevertheless, it seems like a perfect place. I squat next to the heat as my companion drifts curiously away to the abandoned shack, now decayed from fierce desert winds. The fire illuminates the carcass as I write...

Distorted limbs all twisted
All tangled
Lie silent and covered
Mangled
Devoured by its prey
Extinct...

"Shut the fuck up!" How can anyone in his right mind think under such circumstances. "I simply do not understand you." The unfinished poem, once etched into the soil, with a swift kick becomes non-existent. As I start to approach the wild noise of metal gadgets

bursting in the shack, two dim headlights shine precariously as they crawl closer. The brightness increases as does the definition of the mechanical growl. Brake squeal, bright light ceases as fire sharpens, and the once questioned companions arrive. They jump out of the car with fire eyes and death hands; so, so, so unaware of what they were really doing. They become the anti-prophets of the new generation; seeing nothing, telling nothing. They reel and spin with the flow of Budweiser in their veins. They smoke Camel Lights with impunity and call to the great sportsman underground begging them to windsprint for dollars. They are the demon's first round draft picks. "Where's that pistol?" "The gun, man, the gun!" "Lemme hold onto that fucker!" They squeeze the trigger in their minds and out come rubber bullets bouncing from their frail skulls like so many under-inflated footballs thrown by beer-swilling comrades. Like I said, they have no idea. They are like the good little vegan-girl, moral in consumption but less so in creation; she plays the whore for a hit of acid.

The seventh chinese brother comes running from the barn swallowing the desert as if it were a salty-dry martini. The cheesy lounge-tunes coming from the car speakers follows naturally; Wayne Newton is a cordial background for the activities to ensue. Swinging the pistol deftly as always, he comes arunning to our sides and slithers into the neat circle, tossing the gun to the center for the bravest to grasp first. The barrel stares at me, mocking and vitriol; it points accusingly. The silver-casted death device boldly forecasts the image of the flame flickering softly and gently around the curve of the barrel unto the cylinder, where pointed pin-shaped savages lie awaiting emancipation. It is the executioner who, straight-laced and rigid, sharpens his teeth. Silence calls from the previous sound of rapid fire, picking off rats scurrying in the barn looking for rotting victuals to suspend death for yet another day. Silence calls from the deep lavish fury of the evening, from the moulded, decrepit carcass sunken in the sand, from the decadent eyes which pierce beyond the object of dominance, from once written scripture, and lastly from the souls which once existed, from the souls which presently exist, and from the souls that will continue to endure. I hear the brimstone preacher ranting damnation. "Thou shalt not allow thine own body to be consumed by flame. Thou shalt not allow thine own soul to exist in a state of decay." I hear him speak conflict of salvation and sin, of red-death and redemption. I think about the bullet piercing the fortress I have spent these twenty years building. It is yet another addition. A core; moulded of lead with a steel coat to prevent distortion. I take it in and form the details of death about it. I form a new life with the hot-high-melt leaden shrapnel I dive for the gun, grasp it in hand, and belly scraping the grit desert floor aim in through the bottom of my chin and the peak of my skull. It punctures and looses a wellspring of sanguine emotion. He forgot to unload all but one. The first was bound to die. The grey wool dark-cloaked man before the tombstone read the epitaph engraved: "He died as he lived, seeking answers." Others, dressed in blackened uniforms, attempt to stand humbly, but in essence are fighting an inner urge to repeat the horrific action. The body, much like that of the rotten carcass, sits stagnant awaiting inevitable decay. Faces turn as the wooden sculpted rectangle lowers beneath and I hear the voices of those I know become faint as the distance between us, no different than it ever was, is only a grain of sand...

For that which befalleth the sons of men
Befalleth beasts;
Even one thing befalleth them:
As the one dieth,
So dieth the other;
Yea, they all have one breath;
So that a man hath no preeminence
above a beast;
For all is vanity.
All go unto one place;
All are of the dust,
And all turn to dust again.

The Romantic Slacker

By Kiefer

(First Printed Spring 1995, Issue 26)

Generation X: Those young people unfortunate enough to come of age at such an awful time in life. Slacker: A member of the above Generation who has decided to eschew all that "the system" stands for. We can most likely all agree that these are close to the common definitions for these terms. And yet, these definitions imply a defiant purpose behind the attitude. Is this implication justifiable? Why is the notion of Gen X so persistent? Possibly because the concept of Generation X is, for many a pathetic youth, a saving grace. The romantic mystique of the slacker is the crutch on which many a wasted life relies on.

Think for a minute: what is your image of the typical slacker? Most people see an intelligent, wise beyond his years sage, who has come to disdain all that the system stands for, and therefore lives outside of it. And a good percentage of you are likely flickering between the images presented in Reality Bites or whatever your favorite Christian Slater movie happens to be. But when you get past the Hollywood screen, who are the majority of Gen X? Am I the only one who sees masses of the great unwashed, those who graduate High School, even college, while unable to read a simple bus schedule, much less a decent job application; who sees a group of losers unable to fit in the system? I'm sure these misfits love to be able to perceive themselves as examples of the romantic slacker, one that is better than the system, but I am unable to allow them to indulge in that deception.

Sorry, but placing most of these people into a mold of defiant rebel is bullshit. What they are are pathetic wastes of humanity. It isn't that they can't find any use for the system, it's that the system has no use for them. Sure, we would all like to think that we are better than everyone else, that everyone around us has "sold out" while we stayed true to our beliefs, but many of these losers didn't opt not to sell out, they were never offered a chance. There's a big difference between not working 9 to 5 because have a higher purpose, and not working because no company wants you.

Apathy never provokes change. It entices domination

No matter how much history gets rewritten, you will never be able to find a responsible text book claim that any great revolution was started by slack. Apathy never provokes change. It entices domination. The powerful will attack the weak. By deciding not to use the system, you are guaranteeing that the system uses you. We don't feel sorry for the mess you have turned your life into. We don't care if you've declared yourself a conscientious objector to the exploitation of the common man. We don't care what grandiose plans lie in your mind. Either get off of the sofa and do something about it, or shut up. Don't try to make us believe that you're living in your MTV world for a higher purpose. And while you're at it, don't forget for a second that MTV is only pretending to find justification for your "life"style because there's profit in it for them. Kurt Loder is laughing his ass off at you all the way to the bank. Hell, even Puck is getting a good giggle.

Don't let me make any decisions for you. If you want to admire some lazy dumbass who's unable to use his college degree to find a good job, if you aspire to join her in her parent's basement reminiscing about your favorite episode of "Diff'rent Strokes", if you yearn for the excitement of flitting through life going from burger flipper to mall cashier, so be it. But don't expect me to find beauty, truth or moral superiority in your lifestyle. And don't expect me to feel any sympathy for you because you think that corrupt society screwed you over. You're just a pretentious little fuck who couldn't cut it in the real world.

Hollisch

By Julia Brooks Eaton

(First Printed Summer 1995, Issue #27)

(Continuing Chapters Can Be Found In Issues #29, #30, #31, #39)

It seemed rather odd to her that she could see no one else in the hallway. Behind her the large steel door slammed shut, the reverberation echoing off the hallway walls. Carolyn felt very exposed all the sudden, as though an attack could come from any direction and she would be defenseless.

"What do I do now?- she asked out loud, looking around in hopes that someone would appear - another guest, maybe a guide of some sort. Perhaps a janitor.

The corridor stretched in front of her for about three hundred feet, then curved to the left. The walls, floors and ceilings were painted black. There were dimly lit track lights on !he ceiling and a thin strip of mirror running along the floorboards which cast strange rays of light throughout the room. The doors were unmarked, bearing no indication where she should go next.

She looked down at the pink slip of paper in her hand. She had signed it knowingly, swearing she bore soul responsibility for any accident which she could be involved in, barring technical malfunctions. She crumpled the paper in her hand and nervously clenched her fist around it.

It seemed like the next person should be coming through the door at any moment. She would've liked a companion for this adventure. But the doorman would only let one person in at a time and her friend, Jonah had gone in before her. Still, it made no sense that the next person in line hadn't come through the door yet. The line itself had stretched for over a block.

It looked like she was on her own with this one. Slowly, she approached the first black door to her left. The doorknob was a cold, silver steel. It fumed easily and the door fell open of its own accord. She shuddered an took a deep breath before entering the room.

To her surprise, the room was unexpectedly non-threatening. It was nearly empty, furnished with only table and two chairs. The table was a simple wooden table, and the chairs were wooden with high backs. She recognized the style as Danish Modem. Her ex-husband, Brad had insisted on furnishing their whole apartment in that style.

The walls, floor and ceiling were all painted in a dull gray. Set within the far wall was a darkened screen, something like a very large, computer screen inset into the wall. From where she stood, it looked as though there was a small keyboard underneath, also built into the wall.

As she turned to look back at the door it slammed shut. This made her jump, and for a moment she felt the panic of being locked inside. But that was ridiculous, she reasoned with herself. The whole place was jus big, overdone funhouse for adults. Probably no different than a ride at Disneyland. A big, high-tech amusement park. Let's stay in reality, here.

All those people lined up outside were willing to pay twenty bucks to get into this place. They all seemed think this would be fun. They didn't seem suspicious or wary. Maybe she'd start to understand the attraction if she just stopped worrying and questioning so much.

Jonah had been so insistent on coming here - he had common sense. He wouldn't insist on coming to a place that wasn't just innocent fun. It wasn't like anything truly bad could happen. It was going to be more like a roller coaster where the fun was being scared. Carolyn sighed and tried hard to believe these thoughts she kept telling herself.

Ever since the first flyers had begun to appear throughout San Francisco Jonah had been talking about wanting to go to this place. The flyers were simple pieces of paper with only the address and an announcement in big letters - "Hell! It's finally open to the public!"

Jonah had said that any club that presumed to call itself "Hell" and to even possibly realistically emulate it was something they had to see. Carolyn wasn't so sure she wanted to see a place that wanted to present a version of Hell - realistic or not.

It seemed to her that she'd seen enough Hell in her life. She liked to think that maybe the first year of her life had been a pleasant one. Which left twenty-four remembered years that had been for the most part very unpleasant.

Most of the first sixteen of those years was spent tiptoeing around the house, trying not to disturb the sleeping beast they claimed was her father. One false move, one noise too loud, one step out of line and she'd hear the ominous sound of a whiskey bottle being dropped and the angry roar of the beast rising from its chair in the family room. She and her older brother, Tom, and her younger sister, Seri, would scatter in separate directions, each silently praying that this time he wouldn't pick him or her.

The eight years after those first sixteen, were like living in a haunted house. The ghost of the beast lurked in the quietness of her own apartment or in the crowded sidewalks of downtown.

When Jonah had met Carolyn he'd been instantly infatuated with her. He'd walked into the bookstore she worked in on lower Haight and had watched her from across the room. He liked the way she moved so quickly between the tall bookshelves. She was like a thin, black, ghost whose feet moved soundlessly on the dusty wood floors.

Nobody could get past the walls around Carolyn. Jonah thought he could at first, but what he found was at trying to melt her walls, he just ran into his own. Possibly, it was because of this that Carolyn was drawn him.

Jonah was the person she would always go to when she couldn't keep everything under control. Those rare times when ail the emotions she tried to hold in would seep out through the edges.

Now as she stood in this stark room, she wondered why she'd let Jonah talk her into this. She wished at he was with her. But they had only let people in one at a time. Waiting for five minutes between each person they let enter. She couldn't believe she'd stood in line two hours for this.

Carolyn finally took a deep breath and walked across the bare room to the screen on the far wall. She stood before it, slightly perplexed and ran her hand across it. As her fingers moved across the surface she could feel the faint buzz of static electricity like on the television screen when she was a little girl.

"It all starts out very simple," the tall red-headed woman at the front entrance had said, "Then it gets progressively more complex as you go along. But there will be instructions all along the way. You just need to watch for and follow those instructions."

The woman must have been in her early forties. She was very tall and she looked glamorous in a frightening, overbearing sort of way. From where she stood the sun had shown directly in her eyes, and when he'd lifted her hand to shield the glare, Carolyn thought they looked like long, skinny claws covered with emerald and ruby rings.

Her name was Jane. There was talk that she was from Texas and was a computer genius. She was the director of the establishment and the only one the public ever saw. It was taken for granted that anyone else who had worked on or helped design the place must be back in Texas.

Everywhere she went, she was followed by a skinny eighteen year old girl named Laura. Laura resembled a ferret dressed in retro '70's clothes. She obviously adored Jane and took great pride in being her personal assistant.

Carolyn looked down at the keyboard below the screen. It looked just like a standard computer keyboard. Next to it was a small silver plaque with simple instructions engraved with black ink.

"Choose a year other than the one you are in," Carolyn read out loud.

She looked back at the keyboard, then at the screen, then back again at the nearly empty room.

"This really doesn't look all that high tech," she said, as she punched in the year she had chosen. 1992 - three years ago. That seemed easy enough.

The wall began to tremble and buzz. There was a clicking sound and a white message began to blink on the screen, "Please wait." Carolyn sighed and hoped that this was going to be worth the money.

The darkness of the screen began to slowly fade. Vague, shadowy forms were taking shape. Carolyn stood in front of the screen, watching skeptically. But as the forms began to come into focus, her doubts lowly turned into amazement. It was a perfect representation of her apartment with Brad.

Carolyn stared at the screen. It was more vivid than even she could've remembered it. There was that awful pale green couch she hated so much. The stereo Brad would never let her touch was there also. Drawings of her were strewn across the dining room table, the colored charcoal smeared slightly from where the cat had walked across them. Brad's old beige, corduroy coat was thrown across the back of the couch. A pack of Camel Lights, matches from the tavern down the street, and a couple business cards had been tossed on the coffee table. Carolyn strained to see if she could read the business cards, but the writing was very small in the picture. They looked familiar. She was pretty sure they were Brad's. The off-white ones that read "Brad Dunleavy - Computer Consulting.'

"Hey ... I see you had to go and choose our apartment to be replicated," Carolyn turned around to see Brad walk into the room. He did not seem alarmed when the door slammed shut behind him, though Carolyn felt that it was the sound of being locked in prison.

Carolyn was so shocked at seeing Brad that she could say nothing at first. The room had turned into the room on the screen. Every detail was perfect. There was even a small burn where she'd dropped a cigarette on the oriental carpet. After that she was banned from smoking in the apartment and she thought that Brad was going to kill her for that accident.

Then there was Brad. Standing in front of the door. He looked exactly the same as she remembered him. His straight, dirty blond hair was the same length, his bangs hanging in his eyes, the rest looking ragged, in that transitional phase between being neatly cut short and growing out long. He was wearing an old t-shirt and had one hand shoved into the pocket of his faded Levi's. He had the same crooked grin that was at the moment set in his frequent smirk. His green eyes still looked mean.

"What the Hell are you doing here?" Carolyn finally said, "You're supposed to be in Seattle."

"I know, I know," Brad casually sauntered over to the couch and picked up his old coat, "Janice and I are vacationing. Will you look at this? A perfect representation. You know I finally gave this coat away last year. Donated it to this shelter downtown for the homeless."

Carolyn shifted her weight nervously and crossed her arms across her chest as though this might protect her, "You were always so politically correct."

Brad paused and looked at her condescendingly, "Still so snide. Oh, Carolyn, I do pity you."

"Look," Carolyn took a deep breath and tried to control the involuntary shaking of her body, "Rare of a coincidence as this may be, I really want you to leave."

Brad laughed and sat down on the couch. He slumped into it and spread his long, thin legs out in front of him. After a moment of thought he kicked off his old, black Converse.

"Come on, Carolyn," he leaned his head against the back of the couch and smiled, "I belong here. And you know you want me here. You asked to have our entire life together reconstructed. What perfect timing for me to run into you. I would think you would be thrilled

and want me to stay."

Carolyn sighed and nervously pulled at a strand of her long, curly black hair, "God, I just picked a year on the computer. I didn't specifically pick our apartment. And I certainly didn't pick you to show up. God! What fucking timing! What fucking bad timing!"

"On the contrary, I'd say it's all perfect," Brad leaned forward and ran his hands through his hair, "This gives me the perfect time to talk to you. You know, Janice and I have been worried about you for quite some time."

"Uh-huh," Carolyn paced back to the wall where the keyboard and screen were. She ran her hand lightly across the keyboard and sighed sadly.

"Too bad I can't just program in another time and make you go away," she said, quietly.

"Oh, you don't really mean that," Brad got up and slowly walked across the room until he was standing directly behind her. Carolyn's skinny body stiffened and she shoved her hands deeply into the pockets of her old blue corduroys.

"I think it's about time you finally just admit that you still have feelings for me," Brad said, reaching up to massage her shoulders.

Carolyn squirmed away and laughed, "Yea - of disgust!"

"Oh, Carolyn," Brad tried to put his hand on her shoulder and she squirmed away again, "You need to face this sooner or later. You know it's not doing you any good continuing to deny it."

"What are you talking about?" Carolyn looked down at her watch. It said ten after two. She wasn't sure what knowing the time would do for her, but for some reason it made he feel more secure.

"Look, you stay here. I'm just going to move on, OK?" Carolyn felt frustrated and confused by this sudden, bizarre twist of fate. Maybe she could catch up with Jonah in another room. Anyway, this one seemed like it had done everything it was going to do. Sure, it was kind of impressive how they could replicate he old apartment, even down to the last detail but big fucking deal. She'd seen it - that was enough. She had no idea how they did it, but now that she'd seen it, she was ready to go.

"Sure, Carolyn," Brad went back to the couch and sat down. He leaned back and closed his eyes, "Whatever you feel like you need to do."

"God," Carolyn rolled her eyes and stomped over to the door. She grabbed the doorknob and pull but nothing happened. She pulled again and still nothing. She turned the knob back and forth with ease but when she pulled nothing happened.

"Oh shit, I'm supposed to push it," she muttered to herself. But when she pushed on it, still nothing happened. She could feel her stomach begin to clench and her throat close up in panic. She ran her and across the crack between the door and the wall and it felt as though it had been sealed shut. She stepped back from the door and whimpered a little, biting her lip and feeling tears well up in her eyes.

"What's wrong?" Bred had sat up again and was amused by her plight, "You can't get out?"

"No," Carolyn was distracted by her desire to get out of that room.

"Maybe it's divine intervention," Brad said, "Don't worry, I'm sure someone will come along and open the door soon enough. I mean, they have to let us out before they close. In the meantime we have time to talk."

"Oh, that's just fucking great," Carolyn muttered sarcastically. She began fiddling with the doorknob again.

"Carolyn, look, I need to talk to you about this. Why are you punishing me for not falling in love with you? How long can you hold a grudge at someone for something like that?" Brad sighed as though this whole subject pained him, "I tried you know. I wanted to fall in love

with you. But it's just not there - that spark. I just could never feel that for you. Why must I be punished for that?"

"Brad," Carolyn finally left the door alone and turned to face him, "I don't care whether or not you were in love with me. I don't want anything to do with you cause you're a lying asshole, OK?"

"A liar?" Brad scoffed, "What are you talking about? When did I ever lie to you?"

Carolyn threw up her hands in frustration and fell back against the door, "Everything! You lied about practically everything!"

Brad sat calmly and watched her as she began pacing up and down the length of the oriental carpet in front of the couch. As she became more exasperated, he became more calm.

"Look, when I flew down to Sante Fe to stay with you all those times, you said and acted completely different than when you finally got up to Seattle. You said you loved me then. You said you wanted us to be together forever. You said a whole bunch of shit. Then as soon as we were all moved in together the whole story changed. You claimed you never said any of that," Carolyn stopped pacing and looked at Brad for a reaction, but he was still sitting perfectly still, a calm slightly amused look on his face. "I remember everything that happened up until you got to Seattle. I remember perfectly well everything you deny ever happened."

"Ah, come on," Brad crooned, "You know you only think you remember what you wanted to happen."

"God, you are so full of shit!" Carolyn muttered, stopping to nub her eyes.

"What's wrong? You getting a headache?"

"Yes," Carolyn looked at the couch, sizing it up to tell if there was enough room for her to sit on it and not near Brad.

"Come on," Brad leaned forward and held out his hand to her, "Let me give you a backrub. You know you love my backrubs."

Carolyn ignored his outstretched hand and sat as far away from him on the couch as she could, "I'd rather have my head explode than ever have you touch me again."

"Carolyn," Brad practically whined, "I really wish you could see all this for what it really is. I mean it'd make it so much easier on all of us. Especially Janice. You know, it's not doing either of us any good for you to hate her like you do just cause I fell in love with her and not you."

"You are so full of shit," Carolyn muttered.

"Why do you insist on saying things like that?" Brad put his head in his hands and sighed, "You really hurt me Carolyn. You really do."

"Gee, I'm really sorry, Brad," Carolyn said, sarcastically, "It's just that it took me over a year to get it through my head that all that shit you did when we were married was just you being abusive and that I didn't make you treat me like that!"

Carolyn started to get up to go to the door again. As she did, Brad grabbed her arm. He looked desperate and his fingers dug into her skin.

"Don't go away angry, OK?" he said.

"Let go of my arm," Carolyn said, coldly.

"No," he pleaded, his grip tightening.

"Brad, you're hurting me," she said, quietly but firmly, "Now, let go of my arm."

"Carolyn, please! Don't go away angry. We can work this out. I want you to be my friend. I need you to be my friend. I love you. Can't you see that? Don't do this to us!"

"Brad," she practically snarled, "Let go of my arm."

"You've got to listen to me. You can't be angry at me forever..."

"Brad! Let go of my fucking arm!" she screamed, interrupting him

She tried to pull her arm out of his grip and it just became tighter. She felt like he

would break it in half before he let her go.

"Ok. Fine," she said, her voice quiet again, "Fine. I'll just sit here and ignore you until they come open the door."

"Why don't you want to talk to me?" Brad's voice cracked as though he were choking back imminent tears.

Carolyn sat and stared down at her old, beat up combat boots. She let herself be distracted by the scuffed black leather and the ratty seams. The situation had left her feeling overwhelmed and perplexed. It already felt as though she had been in that room forever.

"Brad, I can't talk to you," she said quietly, "You don't listen to me. You lie to me. What's the point of even
trying to talk to you?"

Brad's grasp on her arm had begun to loosen. As soon as she realized this, Carolyn tried to pull her arm away and his eyes flashed with terror and his grip tightened again. Carolyn sighed and shook her head in defeat, then continued what she was saying.

"I don't know what really happened, OK? I have my theories but I don't think I'm ever going to know. But I remember being in Sante Fe with you. I remember how we could spend a whole week together – morning and night - and never get tired of each other. We were inseparable. I remember how, when I got back up to Seattle, you would tell me how much you missed me. I remember you saying you never wanted to be without me. Everything is still so vivid."

Carolyn stopped talking for a moment, to take a deep breath. She hadn't bothered to think about these memories for many months. When she came to San Francisco, she let herself lock that whole period of time in a little box in her heart. And it had not been touched until now.

"I can remember the weekend we went to Las Vegas. I remember how we couldn't get into any of the big hotels and had to stay at a Motel 6 down the strip. I remember sitting in that room drinking Jim Beam and laughing and how we decided we should just get married. You told me you'd always love me – that no matter what you did there was no way you couldn't."

Brad let go of her and sat back in the couch. His shoulders were hunched down as he listened to her and his head hung down with his eyes closed.

"Then you got hired on at Microsoft to do consulting. And they paid your way up to Seattle and first thing
sent you on a business trip for three weeks. I will never probably know what happened on that trip, but when you came back your stuff was still unpacked in boxes in our apartment, but you were already gone. And you never came back. And I never saw it coming. All the sudden you were really cold and mean and didn't even really seem to like me."

Brad let his head drop even further into his hands and sat still on the couch. For a moment, Carolyn thought, sitting like that with his skinny frame he looked like a little boy. But her compassion for him lasted only a moment as more and more memories were coming back to her of their last few months together.

"You were such an asshole those last couple months!" her voice began to raise, "What happened on that business trip that caused you to change? Or was it the move? Or just everything? What fucking happened to you! Where did the first person I knew you as go?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Brad said quietly, without looking up.

"What do you mean you don't know what I'm talking about?" Carolyn was yelling now, "Don't you remember any of it? Don't you remember those times in Sante Fe or the night we got married? I just want you to fucking admit that it really happened and fuckin' admit that you remember!"

"How can I remember something that never happened?" Brad finally lifted his head and snapped, "That's all just stuff you wished had happened!"

"Oh fuck you!" Carolyn stood up and kicked the couch, then paced up and down in front of the couch, once before stopping directly in front of Brad and standing above him with her arms crossed, "Why'd you fuckin marry me then?"

"Cause I was drunk, all right? And I didn't want to hurt your feelings and get it annulled immediately! Christ! I was confused. I felt sorry for you! You were such a fucking emotional basket case and everything. Shit," Brad sighed and sank back into the couch, glaring at her.

Carolyn picked up a pillow off the couch and squeezed it in her hands to try and squelch her anger, "That's not how it happened. I remember what happened and I don't know why you won't admit it."

"You just want to remember it that way. Look, I think you're a really cool person. And you're really pretty. And having sex with you was really fun. But I wouldn't really want you to be my girlfriend or my wife or I anything. I could never be in love with you."

"You're lying!" Carolyn suddenly threw the pillow at him. Brad ducked and couldn't help himself from smiling.

"What the fuck are you talking about? You used to say you loved me and now you're saying you never did at all? And what the fuck are you doing with Janice? You told me when you first met her that you didn't even think she was attractive. You said you thought she was really plain."

"You've really created quite a little fantasy world for yourself, haven't you, Carolyn," Brad said, sympathetically.

"God! You're so fuckin pompous!" Carolyn stomped her foot, "Why don't you keep saying this shit?"

"Look, I don't have to take this kind of abuse from you," Brad looked up at her with an injured expression, "This really hurts me, you know."

"Oh Christ!" Carolyn turned away from him and glared at the wall. For a moment she felt like slamming her head into it.

The door behind Carolyn opened, startling both of them. A tall, gangly woman stood in the doorway, looking perplexed. Her long, straight auburn hair hung in her gaunt face. She absently tossed her head to try and see past it as she looked from Brad to Carolyn.

"Janice? What the fuck?" Carolyn exclaimed before she could stop herself.

"Carolyn?" Janice walked into the room and up to Carolyn. Suddenly realizing that the door was open, Carolyn pushed past and her and rushed toward the door. She reached it just as it slammed shut. Janice shrugged, and smiling at Brad, walked over to the couch.

"Hi, Sweetie," she sat down next to him and kissed him. Carolyn was pulling at the doorknob and feeling around for where the crack between the door and the wall used to be.

"Carolyn, what in the world are you doing here? I can't believe we ran into you!" Janice said.

Carolyn turned from the door and glared at her. At least Janice had more wrinkles than her, she thought, trying to console herself with anything she could grasp at. Janice was only a few years older than Carolyn – probably thirty or close to it, but she looked at least ten years older than Carolyn.

"It is quite a coincidence, isn't it?" Carolyn said, leaning back against the door and feeling defeated.

"This is a nice room," Janice snuggled under Brad's arm, "It looks kind of familiar."

"It's an exact reproduction of our old apartment together," Brad said, "I came in and Carolyn had programmed it in. Pretty amazing, isn't it?"

"It is," Janice said, looking around. Her thin lips spread into a smirk, very similar to

Brad's. Her mousy features could form amazingly similar expressions to Brad's baby-face.

"How'd you do it?" Janice asked, sweetly, "I mean, it seems very exact."

"I didn't exactly ask that it be this specific room," Carolyn explained, feeling progressively more and more uncomfortable, "They just asked that I program in a year and I did and this is what came out."

"Oh, I understand. It would hard not to want to go back to a time when you were with Brad," Janice cooed.

Brad laughed and Carolyn inadvertently rolled her eyes in disgust. She fumed and tried the door one more time then let out a deep sigh when she was unsuccessful at getting it open.

"What's wrong with the door?" Janice asked..

"I'm not sure," Brad said, "For some reason it won't open from in here. It looks as though we're trapped in here. At least until someone comes and opens it and let's us out."

"Really," Janice looked a little worried, "It opened just fine from the hallway. Isn't there some way we could call someone?"

"How?" Brad asked, "Anyway, they're bound to come and let us out when the place closes."

Carolyn looked down at her watch. Fifteen minutes after two. That was odd – it had to have been more than five minutes since she checked before. She shook her wrist and listened to hear if it was still ticking. It sounded the same as it always had.

"This is starting to seem too much like some sort of nightmare by Sartre or something," Carolyn muttered.

"So, what've you been doing with yourself since you moved down here?" Janice asked, cheerfully.

"I've been working at a bookstore on lower Haight. Just up from Fillmore," Carolyn answered.

"So, that's all you're doing with your degree from the University of Washington? Working in a bookstore?" Janice asked.

Carolyn felt her face flushing with shame. She began pacing across the width of the oriental carpet and absently pulling at the silver rings on her fingers.

"I've been writing a lot, too," she said, quietly, "I've gotten some poetry published in some local journals. I need to do something to earn money while I'm writing."

Carolyn lifted her eyes from the floor to look at the two of them. Janice's eyes looked cold and mean to her. They were the same translucent green as Brad's eyes.

"Honey, you know not everyone has as high aspirations as you," Brad said to Janice.

"What are you doing now, Janice?" Carolyn asked.

"Janice is running a shelter downtown for battered women," Brad said, 'We know it's important to put a degree from Vassar to good use, but then this seemed like a really good cause to work for."

Janice nodded in agreement, "I just couldn't turn my back on all those poor women. I mean, as women we all need to stand together in support of one another, especially against the patriarchy."

"Yea, the way you stood by me," Carolyn scoffed.

"What did you say?" Janice asked, leaning forward. Brad settled into the couch, thrilled at the possibility of a fight in his presence.

"You certainly didn't stand by me when Brad and I were getting divorced," Carolyn snapped.

"That was different and you know it," Janice said quietly, looking unfazed by the accusation.

"Hold on!" with the sound of his name Brad suddenly gave attention to the conversa-

tion, "I wasn't abusive to you!.

"What?" Carolyn scoffed, "That's such shit! What about the time I tried to leave and you blocked the door so I couldn't get out just cause I you wanted me to admit I was flirting with your friend Carl, even though I wasn't? That was weird, Brad! And what about the time you pushed me down the stairs? What the fuck do you call that? Or the time you hit me for saying I thought maybe we shouldn't have gotten married?"

"You don't even know what the fuck you're talking about," Brad sneered, standing up and walking over to where she stood. He was at least six inches taller than her, but at that moment her anger was blinding her of all fear.

"You treated me like shit and you know it," Carolyn said, looking straight up at him.

Brad stepped back and began to laugh, "Is this how you console yourself. Is this how you make yourself feel better? Making up these stupid stories? God, that's pathetic!"

His reaction threw her off guard and she stared at him in confusion. He stopped laughing, shook his head in amusement and returned to the couch to sit down next to Janice.

"You really are obsessed, aren't you? You really can't deal the fact that I never loved you, can you?" Brad put his arm around Janice and they both stared at her. Carolyn felt like she was getting smaller.

"Why did you marry me then?" Carolyn's voice had suddenly become quiet.

"Oh Carolyn, don't do this to yourself. You know the answer to that," Brad sighed loudly.

Carolyn began to shake, very slightly, and she could feel the tears welling up in her eyes. May they were right. Maybe she had made it all up. Although she could have sworn she remembered vividly, nights hen they were together in Sante Fe. She could have sworn she remembered Brad saying how much he loved her and how he couldn't wait to move up to Seattle so they could be together all the time. Maybe none of that had happened. There was no solid proof; no evidence. There was only her memories and who's to say if those were even real.

"Janice, how could you go out with him after hearing about the way he treated me?" Carolyn heard her voice crack as she asked the question, "Before you guys met you used to tell me how I should leave him 'cause he was such a jerk to me."

"Carolyn," Janice sighed like a burdened parent, "As soon as I learned you were lying I couldn't ostracize Brad just to protect your feelings..

Carolyn began to pace the width of the room again. She focused on the light, Swedish finished hardwood floor and the off-white fringe on the oriental carpet. Something silver glistened under the halogen lamp and drew Carolyn's eyes over to Janice's bright red, green, and yellow knit bag which lay next to Janice's brown suede shoes. Looking closer she realized it was the barrel of a small gun.

"I carry that for protection," Janice explained, following Carolyn's gaze, "The shelter's in a really rough
neighborhood and sometimes I have to leave pretty late at night."

Carolyn had been pulling at her silver rings once again, and now she began absently cracking her knuckles, "Janice, what made you think I was lying?"

Janice sighed again, "It was so obvious, Ok? When are you just going to let go of this?"

Carolyn felt like her mind was clouding over with confusion. She was so sure her memories had happened but now these two people were standing there swearing they didn't happen and it was all a fantasy. Of course, they were lying. But then how could she be totally sure they were lying and she wasn't really crazy? There was no proof that her memories were real.

"I'm sorry," Janice tried to look serious and apologetic, "You know, you probably have

gotten yourself believing all this is real, haven't you?"

"Yea, it must be hard," Brad agreed, "I mean, I guess we should be more understanding of what causes you to be this way. After coming from such a messed up family, I imagine that you'd have some pretty grave emotional problems."

"It's not your fault that you're like this. Just remember that and it should be easier for you to face things and do what you need to change them," Janice said, soothingly.

"Just remember that you're responsible for who you are from here on out. You can't keep using your parents and their abuse as an excuse to continue this kind of behavior," Brad said.

Carolyn had stopped pacing and was staring at the two of them in amazement. She wasn't sure if they were telling the truth or if they were both completely full of shit. If she were sane, they were both completely full of shit.

"This is not my problem. I don't want anything to do with either of you anymore. It was not my idea to get caught in this stupid room with you. Brad treated me like shit. And Janice – God! You decided to go out with him even though you knew full well what he was like. You're just a fuckin idiot in my opinion. I think I've got the least problems of any of us here," Carolyn said.

"See now, Carolyn. You just refuse to even begin to accept reality, don't you?" Brad sat forward and put his head in his hands in frustration.

"No, Brad. You don't even know what reality is!" Carolyn snapped.

"Oh, that's not what your friends back home say," Brad retaliated.

Carolyn felt herself freeze up with fear and anger. She began to sweat and she felt cold chills run through her body.

"Look, they're just as concerned about you as we are. They say you acted a little strange with guys in the past but then they pretty much said they saw you go totally off the deep end with me."

"Why the fuck are you talking to my friends about me?" Carolyn yelled.

"I was concerned about you. You were so delusional and then you just suddenly took off out of Seattle with no real plans and no where to go. I was worried about you cause I know how emotionally unstable you are," Brad looked so caring and innocent that for a moment Carolyn almost believed him.

A moment later all the anger she felt came pouring out again, "You're lying! I am not delusional! What the fuck are you saying to my friends up there? I moved down here cause I wanted to – it didn't have anything to do with you!"

"Calm down," Brad said, soothingly, "This is what we're trying to avoid – these kind of irrational outbursts."

"What? Irrational? This is not fuckin irrational! I'm just so fuckin sick or hearing all your bullshit and all your lying!" Carolyn yelled, looking desperately at the door, wishing it would just suddenly fly open.

"I am not lying!" Brad yelled as he fumed to punch one of the pillows on the couch, "Stop saying that!"

"Why?" Carolyn walked right up to where Brad was sitting and stood directly above him, "Why? 'Cause you might realize you are? 'Cause you're afraid of the truth? What are you afraid of, Brad? Afraid Janice is going to know everything about you that you told me that now you totally deny?"

"Shut up!" Brad screamed, dropping his head into his hands, "Just fucking shut up!"

"Um...," Janice got up quickly from her place on the couch, "I'll wait for you outside, Brad."

"Good luck getting out," Carolyn muttered, still staring down at the top of Brad's head.

Janice rushed past Carolyn and almost silently opened the door and slipped out into

the hallway. As soon as the door slammed, Carolyn fumed around and ran over to it, pulling at the doorknob desperately.

"Fuck!" she screamed, hitting the door as hard as she could.

When she fumed back to Brad he was still hunched over on the couch, his shoulders shaking from a attempt to hold in sobs. Taking a deep breath, Carolyn slowly walked over to him and sat down next to him. She hesitantly reached up and put her hand on his back.

"I'm sorry I yelled at you," she said, softly, "That's not cool no matter what's going on."

Brad took a deep breath and then struggled to say what was on his mind. When he was finally able talk, the words were so quiet they were almost inaudible, "I can't help wanting to hurt you. I don't know why really don't want to – it's like a compulsion or something. I'm scared I'll hurt you more than I already have. I wish you'd just go away forever so I can't hurt you anymore. But then I'd miss you."

"Oh," Carolyn recoiled from him in surprise, "I...um...oh."

"God! I don't want to! I never wanted to! But I can't control myself!" Brad fumed to look at her and his yes were filled with pain and tears.

"Wow," Carolyn realized she'd gotten so used to fighting with him that she no longer knew what to do, "I'm sorry you have to go through that."

Brad shrugged and looked back down at the floor. Carolyn got up and walked back to the other side of the room. She looked at the control panel and me screen which had re-sumed to an empty black. She wondered how any of this worked – how all these computers had made this room a perfect replica of their old apartment. There had been moments when she'd forgotten they weren't actually there.

"You know, I think you can get help for that," she suggested.

Brad was silent for a few minutes after she'd made her suggestion. When she turned back around he now pacing the width of the room.

"I don't think I'm the one with the problem here," he said.

"What?" Carolyn realized she'd lost track of the course of their conversation.

"I don't think I have a problem," Brad repeated, "I don't think I need any help cause I think you're the one that has a problem."

"But...," Carolyn was once again confused. She went back to the couch and sat down in a daze. She felt something under her left foot and absently looked down to see Janice's bag.

"You're the one that hurt me, you know," Brad sneered, "Yelling and screaming. My God, you're just totally out of control. And going around telling people I abuse you! What was that all about? I had just moved to Seattle and there you were running around telling people what an asshole I was!"

"I didn't tell people what an asshole you were. I was just telling them what was going on."

"Yea, what you wanted them to believe was going on," Brad rubbed his hand across his eyes and groaned, "Oh, why did I ever get involved with you? I should've known anyone from a past like yours would be deranged!"

"What is that supposed to mean?" Carolyn snapped.

"You're damaged goods, Carolyn," Brad said, leaning back against the door, "Nobody wants people like you who are so obviously fucked up. I feel sorry for you. That's probably why I let things go so far. I just felt so fucking sorry for you."

Carolyn sat silently, staring at the floor. She was pulling at her rings again with shaking hands. Her heart felt like it was spiraling down through the couch and into the floor. Brad's words were latching onto a very deeply held belief. The words she'd heard from her parents her whole life. The words she just took over saying to herself when she was finally away from them.

You are damaged. No one will ever love you. You better shape up, Carrie or even we won't love you anymore. And we're all you've got. Your family has to love you. Don't expect anyone else to. And whatever you do, don't tell anyone what happened in this house. You don't want them to find out how truly damaged you really are. You don't want people to know what a bad girl you really are.

"Shut up, Brad. You don't even know what you're talking about!" Carolyn said, weakly, without looking up.

"Right. I don't and neither does anyone else up in Seattle who agrees with me," Brad scoffed.

"Shut up. Just shut up."

"Look, do you think Nicole and Johnny don't agree with me? Why do you think you haven't heard from them for so long?" Brad sneered.

"I got a card from Nicole just the other day. She said she was really busy and that's why she hadn't written," Carolyn had without realizing it begun to rock back and forth slightly. Her nervous fingers had gone from pulling at her rings to scratching at her hands.

Don't expect anyone to love you but us. And we have to. Your family has to love you. No one else ever will. Not when they find out the truth about you. No one will ever love you. No one will ever love you. No one will ever love you.

"Nicole's not busy," Brad let out a condescending laugh, "I saw her two days before we left. She asked me not to let you know that she and I are friends cause she knows how psycho you can be."

"No," Carolyn shook her head as if to clear her thought, "Now I know you're lying. Nicole and I have been best friends for years!"

"Hey, she did the best she could. But come on – what do you expect? It takes a lot of energy to deal with you and I don't think anybody's really got that."

There's something wrong with you. You're really bad to have made these things happen. Don't tell anyone what happened or they'll know how bad you are. There's something wrong with you. There's something wrong with you. There's something wrong with you.

"Nicole can't stand you!" Carolyn said, looking up at Brad, finally.

"How would you know? You haven't even been in Seattle for over a year!" Brad said.

"I know that. But I also know you're lying," Carolyn could feel herself getting angry again.

"Good try, Carolyn. Always fall back on that as an easy answer to not having to face reality. It was a good try."

"Fuck you," Carolyn hissed. Her eyes fell on the gun sticking out of Janice's bag. Her breath was coming in short, shallow spurts and her hands were aching to pick up the gun.

"Oh, by the way," Brad was trying to stop chuckling at what he seemed to see as Carolyn's being ridiculous, "Don't tell Janice this, but I slept with your sister."

"You did not!"

"I did. And let me tell you, Seri is a really good fuck. Almost as good as you," Brad paused for a moment as though not sure whether or not to verbalize his next thought, "Your dad really did train you well."

"Fuck you, Brad," Carolyn felt like her mind was shutting down. Her hands were visibly shaking and she felt nauseous.

"Yep, he did a good job on you two," Brad mused, as though she weren't even there.

"Shut up, Brad. I'm fuckin serious," Carolyn growled.

"I wonder if you two were just born whores? You sure were naturals. Especially when she took my dick in her mouth – oh yea. Coulda sworn it was you then. But then, most whores are all the same."

"Fuck you, Brad."

"Hey, you should be happy. At least you're good at something," Brad smirked.

Suddenly the room went black before Carolyn's eyes. She could feel her body lunge for the gun. The steel was cold in her hands. A scream erupted from her bowels and flowed through her body and out of her mouth like a tidal wave.

"Fuck you, Brad!"

Her scream reverberated though the room and echoed in her head. There was a loud explosion and her skinny body was thrown back against the couch. The smell of sulfur and smoke burned her nose.

As her vision cleared she saw Brad's body fall back against the door in an almost comical convulsion. Pieces of his white cotton t-shirt exploded from his chest along with blood and tiny pieces of flesh. His body fell to the floor, leaving a trail of dark red blood running down the door and dripping onto the floor around him.

"Good job, Carolyn," Brad gasped as he hit the floor, "You've just become your father."

Carolyn stood paralyzed with shock, staring at Brad's body. Within moments it seemed, she could see the life leave his wide open, staring eyes. Blood was creeping across the floor towards her feet.

This time the scream that came from her body came from a depth that wasn't even possible to track anymore. She fumed and shut her eyes and threw the gun as hard as she could. It hit the screen at the far side of the room. Glass exploded throughout the room, cutting her face and hands.

Carolyn fell to the floor crying hysterically. Blood and tears seeping through her hands as she covered her face. She rocked back and forth screaming and crying for what seemed hours.

When she realized she no longer felt the blood running down her hands and arms, she stopped moving and slowly opened her eyes. She took her hands away from her face and saw that there was no blood on them – or any indication that they'd ever been cut. Slowly raising her head to look around she saw that all the furniture was gone. Brad's body was gone. The screen was perfectly intact. Carolyn looked around and shuddered.

"You have now completed room number one," a generic voice over and invisible loudspeaker said as the door popped open, "Please, proceed to the next room."

Atlanta '96: No Room at the Inn, but Plenty of Room in the Jail

By CopWatch Atlanta

Submitted by Gavin Guhxe

(originally published in Policing by Consent, the journal of the National Coalition on Police Accountability)

(First Printed in North Avenue Review Fall 1995, Issue #29)

ATLANTA - Next summer, for two magical weeks, millions will sit in their living rooms and watch televised images of Olympic glory: the lighting of the Olympic torch, the running of the marathon, athletes from around the world swimming in perfect synchronicity, Nike ads. Several thousand lucky ticket holders will witness the spectacle live in one of many recently constructed sports venues. Those of us that actually have to live in Atlanta will probably be stuck for most of the time in absolutely gridlocked traffic, cursing.

But if you ask any one of Atlanta's estimated 20,000 homeless persons where he or she will be during the Olympic games, you will most likely get one unequivocal answer: jail.

The 1996 Olympic games are the crown jewel in plans by the Atlanta's business elite to showcase Atlanta as a true international city, past all racial tensions, a veritable capital of the New South worthy of your tourist dollars. For nearly a decade, Atlanta's corporations, working in tandem with government agencies, have pursued a strategy to revitalize the downtown business district into a 24-hour hub of shops, restaurants, and high-income apartments. The idea is to firmly establish Atlanta as a choice location for conventions and high-profile sporting events, as well as to attract suburban exiles (and their tax-dollars) back into the fold.

Spearheading this effort is Central Atlanta Progress (CAP), an organization of elite business interests (or, as a former CAP chairman bluntly put it, "white economic power") such as Coca-Cola and Turner Communications. CAP has made it perfectly clear that the poor and homeless have no place in its vision for downtown Atlanta. Its Central Area Study II, a cooperative effort between CAP and the City of Atlanta, ranks homelessness a "high priority concern," and recommends a number of measures to assist the police in safeguarding the image of downtown, including the creation of a new police zone solely for the central area, the employment of "undercover methods of surveillance," and the construction of the new zone headquarters in CNN Center, as well as a mini-zone headquarters in Underground Atlanta, a theme shopping mall. The study also outlines the creation of a "safeguard zone," which would include the hotel and business district. Such a zone should have "strictly enforced laws forbidding panhandling, loitering, and public drunkenness." One CAP member put it in perspective when he said, "It is not an attempt to round up the homeless and move them to a concentration camp... But I think everyone agrees that in order to have economic development in the central area, we really have to do something about homeless people walking up and down the streets."

The Olympics have presented downtown planners with the golden opportunity to do just that, all in the name of international hospitality. One of their tactics, used successfully in many cities around the nation, was to make it easier to arrest homeless people by passing laws that criminalize behaviors necessitated by the status of living on the street, or which are vague enough to be selectively enforced against undesirables. In 1991, shortly after the International Olympic Committee awarded the games to Atlanta, the City Council enacted three ordinances that effectively constitute a de facto vagrancy free zone. The new laws outlaw soliciting alms by "forcing oneself upon the company of another," entering vacant buildings, and walking across a parking lot without owning a vehicle that is parked there. The three or-

dinances also come in addition to an arsenal of other laws, one of which is the decades-old and absurd DC-6 violation, which makes it illegal to be in a "known drug area." The laws are clearly ambiguous, and duplicate existing laws. For example, the begging ordinance is supposedly designed to protect the lives of pedestrians, but threatening behavior was already a crime in Atlanta. It's called assault.

Adding to the horror, the City Council also voted to increase the maximum sentence for a municipal ordinance violation from two to six years. And, last year, the city completed construction of a new, $56 million, 1000-bed jail. At a recent public safely task force meeting, Tom Pocock, director of Atlanta's Pretrial Detention Center, declared the jail to be "the first Olympic project completed on time."

Local media pundits have engaged in a mean-spirited campaign to sway public perceptions of the downtown homeless population. One of the most notorious, Colin Campbell of the Atlanta Journal-Constitution, has devoted several columns to the invention of lively metaphors for the homeless people he sees as he commutes to and from work. Some notables include "crazies," "screamers," "lurchers" (?), "urinators," and, perhaps most tellingly, "obstructionists." The police are also extremely clear on their role in CAP grand vision. As one officer confided to a member of CopWatch, "the city's goal is to run them out of town. The city is not going to do anything to help."

Many of the homeless people CopWatchers have developed a relationship with greet this knowledge with a kind of resigned fatalism. After all, most are already intimately familiar with the workings of the city's criminal justice system. Those that can't find a bed in the city's limited shelter system, and must sleep in a park or on a sidewalk, will inevitably be woken with a 5 AM nudge from the boot of a police officer, just in time to disappear before rush hour. During large tourist events, the situation becomes worse. A study conducted by the Metro Atlanta Task Force for the Homeless concluded that the number of homeless arrests rises significantly shortly before large business conventions, most for violations of "status crimes." One particularly bad night, during a convention of 35,000 Lutheran teenagers, CopWatch witnessed eight police cars and two paddy wagons surrounding a centrally located park where many people slept. Among the arrested that night was one particularly vocal homeless man whom the police busted for carrying an unopened bottle of beer. Sergeant S.R. Traylor of the APD explained to us that if the Christian students "see all of these homeless people, they'll never come back to Atlanta."

Fridays are a popular time for arresting the poor, because it ensures that they will remain in jail until their court date on Monday. Typically, the arresting officer doesn't even bother to show up for the trial. The case is dropped by default, but the mission has already been accomplished: the defendant has been effectively removed from public sight for the duration of the weekend.

One Friday night, a homeless man we know made the mistake of trying to make a phone call from the Omni parking lot. He had just started a job, and so he had a little money, but no change. He asked a couple walking to their car to change a dollar. The parking lot attendant misinterpreted this action and called the police, who arrested the man. The arresting officer actually showed up for the Monday hearing, so the defendant faced two choices: plead innocent and spend another week in jail until the trial date came up, or plead guilty and get off for time served. Simple math told him to choose the latter, but because of his weekend stay in jail, he lost his job. He also accrued a new charge on his criminal record, making it even harder for him to get another job.

Atlanta's poor and homeless are beginning to fight back. In the month preceding the 1994 Super Bowl, a small group of homeless people, anticipating the inevitable police sweeps that would occur during the much-

hyped event, demanded a meeting with Mayor Bill Campbell to address the problem. After several tries, Campbell finally consented to a public hearing with the homeless, at which he stated publicly that the police sweeps will stop.

Not surprisingly, in the week before the Super Bowl, sweeps occurred as usual, but nobody could predict the sheer intensity of the police presence. Atlanta's elite drug squad, the Red Dogs, were deployed on every street corner. CopWatch received reports of massive numbers of arrests. Typically, the Red Dogs would order any man or woman who looked homeless and had less than ten dollars off their beats. Homeless activists, enraged that Campbell had not held to his promise, organized a march during the Super Bowl. Although it received no media coverage, shortly afterward Robert Ferrell, one of the marchers, started the Atlanta Union of the Homeless.

The idea of the homeless organizing for themselves is a potentially powerful one here in Atlanta. The thought of all the poor people made homeless from Olympic development uniting with thousands of sisters and brothers on the street into one united organization may be distant, but it is the ultimate nightmare for the business and political establishment, and it is, we feel, the only way homelessness and the problems associated with it will ever cease. It is the homeless themselves, not advocates or students, who have felt first-hand the unwarranted blow of a police officer's baton, or the humiliation of being jailed for sleeping in a public park. Those of us who are not homeless have an important role to play, but we must always bear in mind who ultimately owns the struggle to end the criminalization of poverty.

Working in a rare partnership, Empty the Shelters, the student organization that founded CopWatch Atlanta (hats off to the folks in Berkeley), has begun to unite with the Union of the Homeless around issues of police accountability. Although CopWatch's base is still predominantly young people, during the times when Union members have gone out on street patrols, we have witnessed a remarkable change in the attitudes of many members of the homeless community. Imagine the difference between college students passing out know-your-rights pamphlets and actually homeless or formerly-homeless people doing the same. In the latter instance, the action becomes not just a service, but an organizing tool as well!

Realizing, however, that street patrols alone are not enough to solve the problem of police harassment, CopWatch has begun work with a legal team to repeal the anti-homeless ordinances. Empty the Shelters has also inaugurated an innovative media campaign named SpoilSport. SpoilSport is the mythical half-sister of official Olympic mascot Izzy. She's much smarter than her half-wit brother, though, and is on a quest to publicize Olympic-related human rights abuses. SpoilSport has already received enthusiastic media coverage around the world, everywhere from Chicago to Tokyo. She hopes to come soon to newspaper or television near you.

Whether or not we get prime-time coverage during July of 1996, CopWatch knows that even when the Olympics end, our work will have only just begun. The number of homeless in Atlanta continues to grow, and CAP recently announced plans to implement a Business Improvement District, which would finance a private security force downtown. Even more ominous, the 400 security cameras that Olympic planners are going to install at various points around the city are staying – permanently! CopWatch will continue a strategy of direct street patrols, legal pressure, media zaps, and grassroots homeless organizing, and we will not stop until Atlanta's war on the poor ceases once and for all.

Update: Central Atlanta Progress has been pressuring Judges to allow offenders of crimes to be imprisoned for the maximum amount of time of six months without being sentenced. How much is anyone willing to bet that homeless people will be "rounded" up in April of '96 for breaking certain ordinances? CAP is currently trying to get the panhandling law changed to where one can not ask for money after dark or within a certain distance of a business. Sounds like infringement of the first amendment to us.

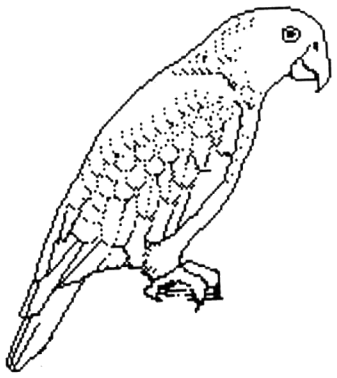
Love for a Dark Lady

By Mark Moore

(First Printed Winter 1996, Issue #30)

It would seem that is this place, this factory masquerading as academia, that unrequited love is not quite dead. Granted its glory days, the days of courtly love and sonnets to dark ladies, are long since past, but the underlying emotions can still be found. Maybe it's the nature of this place, success at the price of disillusionment, that keeps the time honored tradition alive. This school and this city hold to the truest tradition of Faust: you will find your place and gain your fortune, but it will cost you your soul. Hope you enjoyed the ride. This particular trip ends not with a blaze of glory or some form of sublime enlightenment, but merely fades to gray.

Oh, were that is otherwise. For I have my dark lady. I long for her lacy kerchief, thrown down from above to place against my breast. The only comfort under a layer of steel. The gears turn endlessly, spitting out their ill-fated products. Fortunes made but lives lost. Potential both realized and crushed. What could something as ethereal, as unquantifiable as one man's love mean in this world of lost soul that has the gall to ask why. To admit that he cares.



It lies in the best of a man's heart to love. For love is nothing but an acceptance, a longing if you will, for the best within himself. I believe that some women still long to be put to on that pedestal. Not an exalted position that comes from the charity of the heart, NO, rather the earned place that comes from exemplifying all that is true and right within the man himself. Both sexes long not for an emotional handout or the situation that brings, but for the chance to live up to the best that is within themselves, and their loved one. In the end, to see that embodiment come to fruition is the ultimate goal of a relationship between two people. I long to hold someone in my arms and know not that I earned it or deserved it, but that this pleasure is mine by a right of existence. I long for the love that I have no power to sanctify, because our very beings do far more that my precious little mind or ego ever could.

Alas, these are just wishful dreams. But isn't that what unrequited love really is? Wishful dreams, or is it just some sort of mind game for the incurable romantic. Maybe therein lies its value. In a world gone mad, and a place designed to put you at the forefront of the world's thinking, are not dreams necessary? Those of us who would keep our souls and sanities must anchor them to something. That is what my dark lady represents to me, an anchor in a sea of disillusionment and broken dreams. She is my refuge and safe harbor. Through her I keep from following Judas Ascariot up the leafless tree, because, for me, the thought of unrequited love is immeasurably better than the thought that I sold what, in me, was worth loving.

SONIC OUTLAWS
Barbie
WHY ME, LORD?
C. ELLIOT FRIDAY, &
world famous
CURE
for
INDECISION
& other MALADIES
MERTZ.
TABLETTES.
NO!
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AND THE BARBIE LIBERATION ORGANIZATION

Engineering Management 250

By Bill Manofsky

(First Printed Winter 1998, Issue #38)

I am a Georgia Tech Alumni of the ME class of 82. I spent several years in the aerospace industry where I designed flight hardware for the Space Shuttle and the Atlas II missile, was on the Tomahawk and Advance Stealth cruise missiles. My brother graduated from the University of Tennessee and later became a flight instructor on the Space Shuttle.

We both left the aerospace industry in dismay.

I recently wrote a paper for a graduate management class I took last quarter. This paper has caused considerable stir among those who have read it. The paper contains insight that I wish I had been exposed to when I was at TECH. Consider it a voice from someone who is 20 years further down the road.

I am bothered to see young people being aligned to go into engineering simply because they are good at Math and Science. This is propaganda. You can make a better living doing other things.

The message the paper presents will really sink home when basic needs such as paying a mortgage or raising a family overcome any technical zeal you may currently have. I hope it helps.

Engineering Leadership, a Dilemma

FORWARD

Dr. Richardson,

You made several statements in class on the 20th of November that really struck a nerve.

You mentioned that tacking on a fifth year to engineering curriculum is a solution to the dilemma of why engineers don't stay in engineering. I'm an engineer who has made the move into marketing, and I have no plans to move back.

I would like to use a case study format for this paper using my background as the reference to describe my perception of what I consider the engineering leadership dilemma we experience today.

Personally, if I had to go through a five-year degree, I would have gone broke at the end of the fourth year and would not have finished. I actually paid for my last quarter's tuition with the insurance proceeds from a car wreck I had gotten into.

As a co-op student, it already took me five and a half years to get my degree anyway, and I was $15,000 in debt when I graduated in 1982. Adding another year would just add to the misery and another year of lost income that would take probably a decade of 5% pay raises and promotions to make up.

BACKGROUND

My Father graduated with a degree in Industrial Design from the Cleveland Institute of Art. He was a highly skilled artist but realized that in order to feed his family, he had to find a **REAL** job. He said that most artists only make money on their works after they are dead. Few rarely become Andy Wharhols or Pablo Picassos.

I emulated my Dad. I thought of him as a creative genius and an inventor. He is very talented and is always coming up with unique design solutions to complex problems.

He took a job in the industrial design department at a leading manufacturer who supplied large retailers with bicycles and lawnmowers. The company had been founded by a mechanical engineer who married into a wealthy family in Ohio. He used his wife's endowment to fund the startup. My father and a small handful of other designers developed inventions that generated considerable income for his employer. After twenty years with the company, he got "his place in the sun," as he calls it, by being promoted to the corporate Director of Design. My family benefited financially from this position but strangely enough, we were in no way affluent. What struck me odd was that for his position, he was not considered an executive nor did he receive stock

options until much later in his employment. Yet, he and his staff had sole responsibility for designing the entire product line upon which this corporation was able to survive and prosper.

The "rich guys" in the company were in sales, marketing and the executive VP ranks. They got the perks, the bonuses, and lived affluently. The design group found itself much lower in the food chain. The engineering group - the group responsible for placing every nut and bolt in as financially efficient a way possible for large scale manufacturing - was at a level lower than the design group.

Since he was my dad, though I though the world of what he did and was greatly influenced by his creative abilities. I grew up in a home that had a full woodshop at my disposal in which I spent a great deal of time. At the age of thirteen, I demonstrated my early engineering design skills by building the runner up entry in the All-American SoapBox Derby in the State of Tennessee.

At that age, though, I just did not make the connection that creativity in American industry does not always equate to personal wealth. I was just a kid having fun on a summer project.

My dad lasted three years in his new Director position. He was defeated by nepotism within the company. The benevolent CEO passed on, and a son who lacked the leadership skills and foresight to run the company assumed the top post. The son refused to listen to the design suggestions of the retailers and began to dictate design from the top office. My father was fired when he was the first to challenge the unprofitable direction in which this steered the company. He also found himself in the position of scapegoat for all the failures the new CEO brought about.

The company showed poor earnings for the subsequent decade after my father left. It was later sold to a holding company in Sweden. Though he was not entirely responsible for the company's profitability while he was there, his design skills did have a profound influence.

Losing his job meant economic disaster for my family and was the reason I ended up paying most of my way through college. It was several years before my dad would get a comparable position at another company.

I graduated in the top third of my class from a private college prep school in Tennessee. My SAT scores were in the top 90 percentile. Since I excelled in math and sciences, the guidance counselor and others - even the printed SAT Result Form - suggested I look to pursue an engineering career. The only career advice I ever received from Dad was to NOT to go into engineering. He recommended that I study economics and business. I should have listened to him.

I attended the Georgia Institute of Technology where I settled into the Mechanical Engineering program. I was quickly disillusioned by teacher to student ratios of 200:1 and instructors who did not have a command of the English language. Despite numerous setbacks and detours over five-and-a-half years, I persisted through the program and graduated with a whopping C average.

On several occasions at Tech we were fed the line of propaganda: "More corporate CEO's came from Tech engineering than any other school". I realize now that this was just another selling point to justify their existence and generate pride within the Tech organization. What they did not say was that these CEO's were no longer engineers and had gone to other schools for their advance degrees in either finance or marketing. No one ever made mention that they did not make the CEO level up through the engineering ranks. It took years of observation for me to realize that they had left this important point out.

After graduation, I entered the aerospace industry where I designed flight hardware for the space shuttle, was part of the Tomahawk cruise missile design team, and was heavily involved in stealth technology. I used to take pride in telling people what I did. Now, I could not buy a cup of coffee with a dime plus my background. I really thought I was making a contribution and that someday I would get a big payoff for my efforts.

I also quickly learned that I was to use little of what I had studied. From this did I feel like I had wasted my time in school? Yes. I learned more practical real-life engineering at the auto racetrack where I worked as a part-time racing mechanic while going to school. That was a real world laboratory. While my class mates were working on nebulous senior design projects like: "The Design of a Box that will Prevent an Egg from Breaking when Thrown from the Roof of a Tall Building", I was working on high performance racing engines.

I am astounded at what I was paid as an aerospace engineer in the mid-eighties compared to what I see what new grads are getting in the semiconductor equipment industry today. Other professions start out low too, but there are significant opportunities to make more depending on how aggressive a person is. Yet still in engineering, salaries are inherently flat no matter how talented one is.

At General Dynamics, engineering management promoted mediocrity. There were no such things as "hot young engineers" who rapidly promoted up the ranks in the company. Unfortunately, I see the same mentality in the semiconductor equipment industry.

LEADERSHIP POSITIONS AREN'T IN ENGINEERING ANY MORE - OR MONEY TALKS, BS WALKS

Six years ago, I was working to get a job through a headhunter that only placed junior military officers recently freed from military service. I and a handful of other former junior officers were exposed to two days of intensive resume writing and interviewing seminars before they would let us interview with their corporate clients. In one of the discussions, we were presented with some very enlightening career direction information that had a profound impact on me. They told us that all corporations are structured the same way. In most cases, corporations are broken up into three groups as follows:

1. Sales/Marketing
2. Engineering/Manufacturing
3. Staff (Human Resources, Finance, Public Relations, Legal, etc.

As former military officers, most of us had engineering degrees. Strangely enough, the headhunter's goal was to convince us to go into sales/marketing and not engineering/manufacturing. In fact, we were being looked at for our ability to promote into senior management through sales and marketing. Those whom they thought did not have promotion potential via this route were asked to interview elsewhere.

We were told that 90% of senior executives come from sales/marketing, that this is THE fast track. We should not fear sales since it is just the entry level to this fast track and that we should expect to promote into sales management WITHIN TWO YEARS. It was also suggested that during our careers we get MBA's from name universities to improve our chances for the highest level of promotion.

We were strongly encouraged to avoid engineering positions, since fewer than 10% promote out of engineering/manufacturing into the executive level. An entry level engineer should expect it to take at least ten years before his next promotion. (My aerospace experience held this to be all too true).

Lastly, we were told that a small minority of senior executives come from staff positions and that this area should also be avoided also.

I was dumbfounded at hearing this. They had hit the nail on the head. After fumbling through 8 years in the aerospace industry, which resulted in dejection and non-opportunities, a light had finally come on. I just wish someone had told me this when I graduated from college. I should have immediately tried for sales after graduation, but since I was the typical introverted and impressionable engineer, I was convinced I would go off and be the next Werner Von Braun at NASA. It took a long while for me to realize that you don't pay the mortgage designing parts of spacecraft.

I can understand the headhunter's tact from a financial standpoint also. Who would you rather have in your back pocket as a conduit for corporate placement fees:

engineering managers who place low-paid engineers, or executive vice presidents who hire highly-paid general managers?

Ask yourself why the rest of the 75 people taking your class are going for the Masters in Engineering Management instead of off getting advanced engineering degrees. I think their main motivation is for the opportunity for a better income and the opportunity to move up out of the dregs of lower level engineering without having to get an advanced engineering degree. Those who hold tight to their engineering ideals are doomed to a life of low-paying jobs.

I think that they, like me, have figured out the "system". One can't advance into management without an advanced degree, to make more money, to improve the family's financial situation, to afford a mortgage, etc. Why would a person go through the struggle of working on a Masters in Mechanical Engineering when one can get their "check in the block" with a much simpler master's program in finance or management that will eventually produce more free time to enjoy the family and home? This is basic needs kind of stuff.

I know the president of a small supplier of filtration components for the semiconductor industry with annual revenues in excess of several hundred million dollars. He used to be a bodyguard for the CEO of a large aerospace company. When the aerospace company sold out, the CEO made him an executive in this spin-off. He eventually was promoted to President. Funny thing. From body guard to president. He doesn't have an engineering degree which, would technically qualify him for the position, but the boss liked him. He does have two master's degrees. One is in Industrial Psychology and the other is in an educational discipline.

Does he use the information he learned from these advanced degrees? No, but when the company puts out the prospectus, they certainly mention these two degrees to give him and the company more credibility. Without these masters' degrees, I think the board would have to explain too many times why they have some fellow with only a Bachelor of Arts Degree sitting at the head of the company.

He has his "check in the block". He is also a multi-millionaire from stock options. He is not an engineer.

DYSFUNCTIONAL PROFESSION, DYSFUNCTIONAL LEADERSHIP

Engineering is inherently a dysfunctional profession. There are many, many more "Ted Kazinskis" out there that people think. Yet with all their technical training, which is in most cases socially stunting, engineers are asked to lead projects and manage people as they advance up the corporate ranks.

Something has to be amiss when more often than not, I see new grads with 4.0 grad point averages come in new to the job and fall flat on their face. From what I have seen, a 4.0 grade point average indicates mastery at taking tests and doing homework. It gives no indication of the person's creativity or ability to put that knowledge to good use.

All too often I do see non-technical or even non-degreed individuals excel when they hit sales. This is an area where they use all their faculties to make significant accomplishments for the corporation. The world of sales is a much larger arena that they bring the engineers into only when its is technically necessary, only to put the engineers back into their respective boxes before they can place themselves in awkward situations.

I saw a movie several years ago that made the bleak situation in the aerospace industry really sink home.

Two fighter jocks crashed their F-14 out in the desert. After parachuting to safety, they set out looking for help. They ran across this old man living in a beat up trailer in the middle of the desert. In his trailer were pictures of old jet fighters from the 60's and 70's. The old man noticed the F -14 patches on their flight suits and immediately started boasting about how he was part of the F-14 design team and all the nebulous components he had designed for it. He also said that he was now living off his "retirement" from the company. I found this scene quite ironic and so very true. It was also ironic

that Hollywood had written this character true-to-life. Are all engineers so easily stereotyped???

I got to experience this same type of situation in real life while working at General Dynamics as an aerospace engineer. One of the senior design engineers I worked with, on his retirement from 30 years with General Dynamics Convair in San Diego, had gone to a jeweler to have his 5, 10, 15, 25, and 30 year gold anniversary year pins melted down to make into a ring. The latter three had quarter-carat diamonds that he was going to have set into the ring. He was astounded when the jeweler called him a couple of days later to let him know that there was not enough real gold in all of the pins to make a complete ring, and that two of the three diamonds were fake. The company had cheated him and he didn't know it until after he had retired. This was a guy who had played a role in the design of the Atlas missile and the Tomahawk cruise missile. He was important to the survival of the company. He now lives off his meager life savings and a very meager pension in a trailer on the beach in Baja.

My last assignment before I quit the aerospace industry was to design an advanced stealth cruise missile with the top missile design engineer at General Dynamics. I though I had reached the top of the engineering pyramid. Here I was, working side by side with another engineer who had contributed much to the company and the industry. I was quite surprised and dejected when he told me that after 20 years with the company, he only made $50,000 per year. In 1988, this definitely put him in the lower economic class of the west coast. I saw the financial handwriting on the wall. Twenty years of 5% pay raises (the standard raise that all engineers get) rubber-stamped by engineering management really doesn't amount to much, especially when one lives in Southern California.

To me, this represented a lack of engineering leadership at General Dynamics. Engineering management did not have any leverage to improve the livelihoods of the engineering professionals in their organization. This had a rebound affect that hit these engineering managers as well – since the pay scales of the engineering ranks were set low, there was no reason for the company to set the pay scales of engineering management very high - a double whammy. There would be too much of an imbalance if engineering management was compensated out of proportion to their subordinates. Engineers are not good at negotiating themselves into higher pay brackets and this is a sad fact.

In engineering, upward mobility is too flat, but accepted as the status quo. The correct course of action would be to quit at the point you found out it would take ten years to promote to a significantly more lucrative position. Well, it does take ten years to promote to the next position as an engineer, but like lemmings we follow the next guy up the ladder over the cliff into the abyss.

Human resources departments do a wonderful job to hold down the compensation paid to upper level engineering managers. They are paid far less than their financially-trained counterparts elsewhere in the company. I was enlightened to this pay disparity by one of the human resource managers at work recently. Admittedly, my company holds salaries low to inhibit people from leaving to form their own companies. It purposely denies future competition the seed money to start. This is an admission by my company that it considers its own in-house engineers to be a valid threat, and the holders of the basic knowledge necessary to successfully compete.

The guys at General Dynamics who got the perks and the rewards were the marketing and sales guys who were all former fighter jocks. Deja-vu to what my father had experienced. I now make more in middle level marketing in the semiconductor industry than a Center Director at NASA.

ENGINEERING LEADERS

I consider Kelly Johnson of Lockheed, the originator of the Skunk Works and the head of the SR-71 project, the last of the great notable aerospace engineers. I don't think that anyone in this day and time either in an industry or out is able from an engineering standpoint to attain the notoriety that he has. Maybe Andy Grove of Intel can be considered at the same level, but I

don't think his reputation extends far enough out of Silicon Valley.

The way Mr. Johnson portrayed himself in his biography, you would think he designed the U-2 and the SR-71 himself. But behind the scenes he had a very talented had picked team of engineers that designed and invented the widgets that came together to form the assemblies that made it all happen. The SR71 was completed in a phenomenal 11 months, from the placing of the original set of requirements, to the rollout of the first aircraft. He had total control of the product and would not involve the customer until he was ready to show it to them. The Air Force and Navy programs I worked on took years to develop.

In his spare time, Kelly would practice solving differential equations related to thermodynamics, heat transfer, and aerodynamics. He was an engineer's engineer. At that time, the larger aerospace companies paid very handsome salaries and bonus packages to keep and motivate their key people. This was a very large carrot for up-and-coming engineers to chase after.

This carrot was taken away from the aerospace industry when the "bean counters" from the government Defense Contracts Agency came in and set engineering pay scales to equal civil servant pay scales. I guess the civil servants working within the aerospace industry saw the disparity in the pay scales and complained. So, as usual, instead of giving the civil servants a pay raise, they went into all the government contractors and drove down civilian pay scales.

Engineering management had no leverage to counter this. It was not like all the aerospace engineers were members of a labor organization that would negotiate for them otherwise, they would have gone on strike. This action by the government cast in concrete that aerospace engineers were slave wager earners equal to civil servants and had absolutely no leverage as professionals. This condemned them and their families to substandard living conditions for the duration.

Most Aerospace companies are located in large metropolitan areas with high living costs. A whole army of contract aerospace engineers exists (aka: "job shoppers") that feeds talented designers and engineers to the industry. On most of the projects I have worked on, these were the most talented and senior engineers, yet they were not full time employees of the companies. In most cases they got tired of waiting for a management position and opted for a nomadic lifestyle that allowed them to double their income. They are paid by the hour and have learned to negotiate very well as opposed to their "direct" counterparts. They are despised by engineering management who has to hire them out of necessity. In the long run, they earn incomes substantially higher than their non-contract counterparts but are responsible for their own insurance, Social Security payments and taxes. They usually enjoy the same longevity, and only get laid off only a couple of weeks before the direct employees do. They are a product of the engineering environment that exists.

I recently had the opportunity to read Lee Iaccoca's autobiography. In it, he described how Ford Motor Co. paid for most of his schooling. He got a Master's Degree in Mechanical Engineering. His first assignment was to design a widget for one of the new models. When he realized he would be doing this type of work, he immediately left to go into marketing much to the chagrin of the engineering management who had footed his way.

Mr. Iaccoca represents today's engineering leader where Kelly Johnson is a remnant of the past. In marketing, not engineering, Mr. Iaccoca was able to become the "father" of the Mustang. In this he used customer demand to drive "his" design. In today's world he was able to be a more successful engineer in the Marketing Department of Ford Motor Company than in the Engineering Department.

My life took an unusual turn as I left the aerospace industry. What I saw in 1987 was that we were badly beating the Soviets at a financial war. They were literally going broke trying to counter all the new weaponry the U.S. was putting up against them. I figured that with the fall of the Soviet Union, I would be out of a job. I was correct. A year after the Berlin Wall fell, General

Dynamics in San Diego was sold to Hughes Aircraft. Hughes laid off 30,000 of my former co-workers.

By that time, I had safely escaped to Navy Flight School.

By the way, the president of General Dynamics got a 2 million-dollar severance package in that same deal.

LEADERSHIP AND LEVERAGE

Life is a continuous negotiation. Whether you are changing jobs or looking to buy a new car. How well you do is directly related to the negotiating position you put yourself into. Leverage is the key. Even a guy with multiple graduate degrees from Harvard can be out-gunned by an uneducated real estate banker if he doesn't have the leverage to talk down the price of a mortgage. I can't even leverage myself into any reputable MBA program with my whopping "C" average from Georgia Tech.

Ask yourself this question: If there an oversupply of lawyers and a shortage of engineers, why can lawyers on a whole make a lot more money than engineers? It's because engineers have their salaries set by non-engineer led corporate compensation committees.

Additionally, partners in law firms set their own compensation and pay themselves very handsomely. Kind of like the "fox running the henhouse". They are their own compensation committees. They don't have people from outside their profession setting their compensation as we do in engineering. The overinflation of their salaries has a trickle-down effect that enhances the compensation possibilities of their subordinates. Additionally, lawyers can leverage high fees since their clients are looking at jail time if they are not successful.

Doctors have a similar leverage. "Pay a lot of money to me, or walk away to die". They usually get what they demand. They are recently losing their "fox running the henhouse" advantage as their rates are now being set by non-medically trained HMO beancounters. This is happening because HMO's got smart. They shipped in thousands of foreign-trained MD's who line up for the opportunity to work in the U.S no matter what the salary. This has forced physician compensation down and is breaking the back of the "medical giant" in this country.

Engineers will never enjoy this "fox running the henhouse" leverage as long as their salaries are set by people outside their profession and as long as they are managed by engineers who are weak negotiators. Engineering Directors don't define the pay scales and find it politically incorrect to challenge or alter them. An engineer who is an employee of a corporation should never be considered a professional along the same lines as a lawyer or a doctor.

Even at Georgia Tech, this disparity in compensation occurred. Mechanical Engineering was one of the top degrees one could get. Yet MY professors only were paid only $30,000 per year. They had to supplement their income with consulting fees. This should have been a big red flag to me, but I ignored it.

The degree that all the football players went for was Industrial Management. At that time, a finance professor in Industrial Management was hired in at $80,000 per year. They justified this salary because it was hard to get people to come in from the private sector and that this was a salary competitive with the private sector. That is when I should have changed over to Industrial Management.

Another far-reaching example of how engineers give away their talents is in the assignment of patent rights to the company they work for. Who would sign away the rights to potentially millions of dollars worth of intellectual property to their employer? I did. I had no negotiating leverage. I needed a job.

It would be nice if the engineering leadership of this country would lobby for at least a 50-50 split of this revenue. It would affect the engineer-negotiators as much as it would affect the line engineers.

Lawyers who win liability suits command at least 40% of their client's judgment. Engi-

neers should get at least a portion of the profit realized from any idea they originate even if they used company assets. The company's portion should only be justified because they supplied the resources. They should not get the whole thing.

This would be nice, but it will never happen. It is more than an issue of supply and demand. It is an issue of long-established, strongly-entrenched, introverted professional culture that doesn't take care of its own.

The medical profession that we see today is the result of at least a 200-year evolution that has greatly defined the compensation. They have evolved from a largely academic organization centralized in the larger universities in large cities. The legal profession has had a similar evolution resulting in a national bar association for standardization. Engineering does have it's professional accredidations for civil engineering etc. but for the vast majority who's creativity have given us the 747, the Corvette, and the Space shuttle, the PE license is meaningless.

SOLUTIONS FOR BETTER ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP

The solution may lie is in having a regulating body for design engineers similar to the AMA and the BAR association who could leverage its assets to lobby for legislation. This would enhance engineering compensation levels and grant employed engineers a significant stake of any patent that an engineer generates. At the same time, this organization would partner with universities to provide strict guidelines for the certification of design related engineering disciplines and provide avenues for continuing education. This is necessary because there are too many "cowboys". Engineers lack a common identity and are used to acting as mavericks.

Case in point: The head of the structural analysis group at General Dynamics hired a contract engineer to help with a temporary overload of work on one of the current project. He was assigned to help with the structural analysis on one of the parts to the Atlas missile redesign that I was working on. In this case, the part was a main spar that supported a strap on solid rocket booster. After about a month working with this guy, I realized he was in way over his head. The questions he was asking about analysis were just too basic. I approached his manager who immediately went into denial and touted this guy's academic credentials. As it turned out, his telephone bill gave him away. He was calling a mentor in Los Angeles who was giving him free advice over the phone on how to analyze the parts he was assigned. His master's degree was bogus also, yet the company was paying him $40 per hour with overtime (approximately $30,000) in the 3 months it took to discover him. He was so bold to think he would not get caught that he purchased a new car.

This is a classic case for the need for a certification body for engineering disciplines that not only provide standardization for training but also track key individuals in the profession and certify them as "genuine" to perform as advertised. This standardization can only lead to an uplifting of financial compensation for engineers and a greater retention within the ranks. Ideally, this body would have licensing authority over engineers and the political and organizational clout of the Teamsters Union.

Additionally, American engineering courses need a complete facelift. A hands-on journeyman program similar to those in European industry should be adopted for those entering engineering fields. U.S. co-op programs have been a good start, but are not enough when at the same time engineering curriculums are displaced into irrelevance by academia. Industry should take a greater role. Exposure to customer interaction should be mandatory to at least give engineers a taste of social awareness as a part of the path to success.

Entry into professional trade associations should be encouraged as the next step beyond the journeyman level, with sights set at certification and higher earning potential driven by advanced engineering studies.

This would be a cradle to grave approach, with the main goal of keeping good engineers in the profession instead of driving them from it.

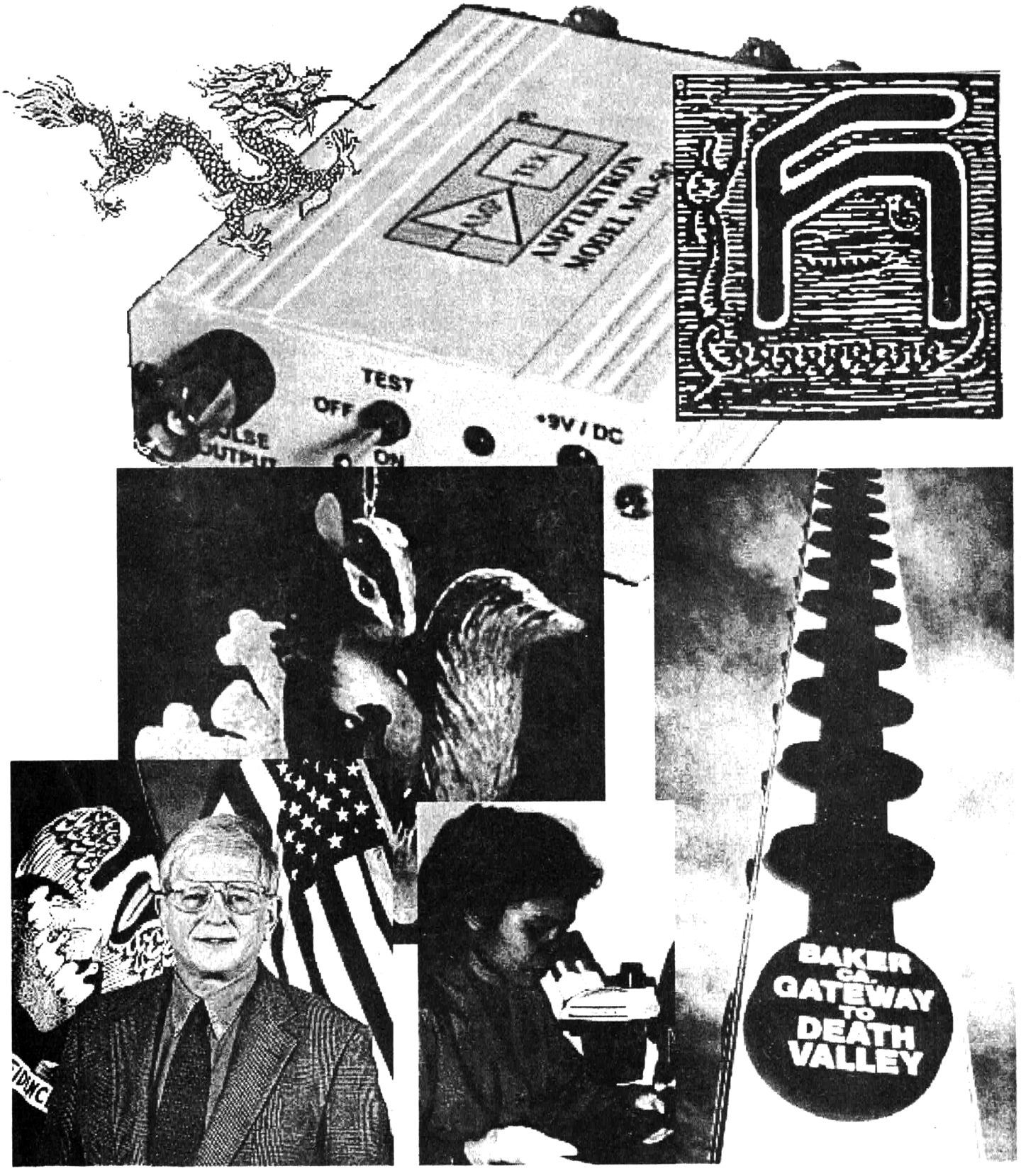
Information Overload 8: Jason Takes Manhattan

By Kiefer

(First Printed Summer 1999, Issue #44)

(My swan song. I'll miss Tech, even if I hated much of went on around it. And I'll still be around. But you won't have to listen to me anymore. Until I become an influential alum, and then something might actually come of my bitching. But one of you is going to have to take this space from me.)

It is easy to defend the right of speech we like and approve of. The challenge lies in defending the right of speech we detest...An oldie, but a goodie: "Sen. Kennedy, that isn't my ass." "That's okay, Ms. Finely, those aren't yams."...Question kinda-sorta posed on a GT mailing list: Is this still an engineering school? Even in the engineering departments, is there anywhere in this school that has a predominant engineering-type student presence, or are we just all really good with computers?...To any ChE students graduating in 2000: I'm sorry, but if this quarter was any indication, your plant design project is going to be rather lame...Still waiting around for 8661...Still wondering if the Presidential campaign is going to become more or less heated once George W. Bush comes up with an agenda, a belief, or anything more than a slogan...You ever look around your classroom during a presentation, or other example of your peers' work, and actually hear the value of your diploma decline?...WREK: Don't worry, lightning surely doesn't strike the same spot THREE times, does it?...I'm writing this the weekend before Mystery Men opens, and I think I was sick of the trailers three weeks ago...How come nobody ever offers to sell ME a van for a dollar...Thank you to DramaTech for presenting Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead. There are some parts of the production which are just clearer in a stage production than in a film production. But a suggestion for next time: The acoustics in the Dean Dull Theater are fairly bad. Do theater in the round, and half of the performance won't be heard by half of the audience...It seems as if I have less and less to say as I have more and more people listening...Idea for FASET 2000: In order to better let pre-frosh know what they are in for, why not take a day's worth of postings to git.general, print them up, and distribute. That way all the newbies can truly understand the psyche of the GT student. (Or, if you really, really want them to understand this place, you COULD use git.talk.social, but I assumed that you would want to keep at least a few of the prospective students for the fall)...With all of the plans going around to label music, movies and books in the name of protecting the children, how long will it take until we come to the real solution: the labelling of kids. Put a V(iolent) L(anguage) or N(udity) on little Johny's or Janey's forhead to alert the rest of us moral people how lousy a job of properly raising your kids you did...Of course day traders are going to go bezerk; they've convinced themselves that they can read the patterns of the short term market. Is that any less crazy than listening to your neighbor's dog?...'Cause life is a game that no-one wins; But you deserve a head start the way your life's going...This space for rent or sale.

(The opinions expressed above are not those of the North Avenue Review, which has no opinion, nor even necessarily those of the author, who has all too many opinions. They are merely a collection of various thoughts, beliefs, and ideas collected over the previous three months. However, feel free to write to the paper at the addresses in the front on any or all of the above.)

A Bit of Random